

IMPORTANT TO BRIDGE PLAYERS. See page 10.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 11.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1903.

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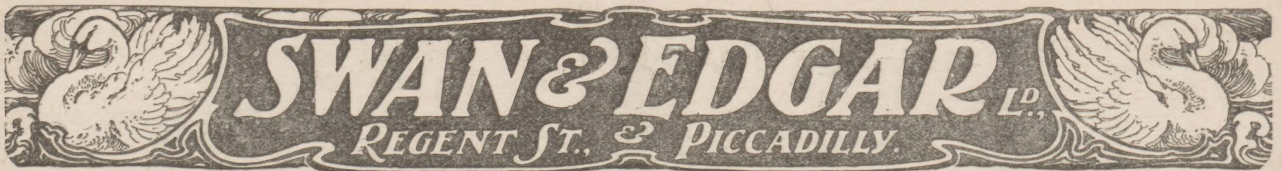
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LONDON, W.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Mild and cloudy; rain at times; fair intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.13.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all moderate.

The Daily Mirror.

PAGE 3.

317th Day of Year.

Friday, Nov. 13, 1903.

48 days to Dec. 31.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

New Streets for Old.

We have all, some time or other, occasion to grumble at the state of traffic in London streets, by which some of them are almost impassable for horse-drawn vehicles at anything but a walking pace, and the fleetest hansom is reduced to the speed of the deliberate and unwieldy omnibus. But we do not all realise how this difficulty of passage in certain busy thoroughfares, which is to some of us merely a vexatious annoyance, has gradually assumed the proportions of a serious and formidable problem—so serious as to engage the attention of a separate Royal Commission.

It will be seen on another page that Mr. ANDREW YOUNG, in giving evidence yesterday before the Commission, made what seems at first sight to be a very startling and extravagant proposal. His suggestion was nothing less than that the new thoroughfare which is now being constructed from Holborn to the Strand should be continued by a new bridge across the river, through South London to the Crystal Palace and the heart of that vast suburban area which is the dormitory of so much of London's activity.

This may seem at first sight an absurd and unnecessary suggestion, and the estimated cost of it—£12,000,000—adds an almost impenetrable quality to its boldness. But Mr. ANDREW YOUNG, who is the valuer to the London County Council, is not so rash or extravagant as some of us might think. His scheme includes the purchase of land on each side of the proposed thoroughfare, the construction of which would, of course, greatly increase its value; and it is just possible that if, after careful consideration, this courageous plan were adopted it would be found that the profit on the land went a long way towards defraying the cost of the new highway.

But however that might be, we welcome this apparently audacious proposal, because it is only by such large and drastic means that the traffic problem, which threatens to paralyse the internal trade of London, can ever be adequately solved. Its largeness and apparent extravagance are its chief merits, for whether it be ultimately decided that the traffic problem is to be solved by means of new roads, or of tubes, or of moving platforms, or of flying machines, it is quite certain that some great and comprehensive measures will have to be taken.

We have all experienced the annoyance of driving, say, from Piccadilly to the Opera, and of having the speed of our carriages reduced to a walking pace between Piccadilly Circus and Bow-street because somewhere in the procession a trolley or market cart was retracing its slow and cumbersome course towards Waterloo Bridge and the South side of the river. All over the West-end, in fact, the traffic is of such a nature, and the streets are so narrow, that whole lines of carriages and hansoms are at the mercy of some slow carrier's cart, furniture van, or even the useful but irritating omnibus, with its frequent stoppages and sudden swervings out into the middle of the street.

The railway companies long ago solved this problem by having separate sets of rails for fast and slow traffic; and the problem of the streets is not much different. Motor-cars, carriages, and cabs represent the fast traffic, which is proceeding from one point to another without intermittent stoppages. Everything else in the West-end at certain hours of the day should be regarded as slow traffic and restricted to a certain part of the road, or, better still, disposed of by means of some system such as Mr. ANDREW YOUNG's scheme suggests and elaborates.

Court

Sandringham, Nov. 12. Lord and Lady Savile and Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., have arrived at Sandringham.

Lord and Lady Alice Stanley have left.

Buckingham Palace, Nov. 12. Their Majesties the King and Queen were represented at the funeral of Lord Rowton, which took place at Kensal Green Cemetery to-day, by the Hon. Sidney Greville, who placed a wreath upon the coffin on their Majesties' behalf.

The King will come to London on Monday from Sandringham, arriving at St.

Circular.

Pancras at about 2.30 in the afternoon. As the King and Queen of Italy do not reach Windsor till the afternoon of the following day, it is possible that his Majesty may defer till Tuesday morning his departure for the Castle. No definite orders have yet been issued in respect of the journey from London to Windsor.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Mr. Gabriel Stokes, C.S.I., to be a member of the Council of the Governor of Madras in the place of Sir Henry Martin Winterbotham, K.C.S.I., retired.

All To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

Some 3,000 London cabmen may come out on strike this week.

Before the London Traffic Commission yesterday a witness suggested the prolongation of Kingsway through South London to the Crystal Palace, at an estimated cost of about twelve millions sterling.

Suicide while temporarily insane was the verdict returned yesterday at the adjourned inquest on Miss Hickman's body at Richmond.

Two men have been remanded in Dublin charged with stealing a packet of jewellery worth £450, which was on its way to London.

One of the latest varieties of the drug habit among ladies is the eating or drinking of camphor.

With the rites of their native Church, the bodies of the two Armenians assassinated last week at Peckham were buried quietly yesterday at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Official steps are to be taken to prevent the further spread of that terrible worm disease known as Ankylostomiasis among the miners of this country.

Two passive resisters' goods were sold by Dutch auction last evening near Stonehouse, Gloucestershire.

In the course of his forty years' service as parish clerk at Yarmouth, Mr. E. J. Lupton has attended 11,570 weddings. In 1,251 cases he gave away the bride.

The Crown Prince of Denmark has sent an expression of sympathy to General Booth on the death of his daughter, Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

When she is launched at Belfast, the new White Star liner, Baltic, 24,000 tons, will be the largest vessel afloat.

"I can see death is near" were almost the last words of an old blind lady on whose body an inquest has been held at Poplar.

Mr. Henry J. Wood will conduct at a testimonial concert to Mr. Robert Newman by the Queen's Hall Orchestra on December 2.

Social.

The marriage of Miss Dora Labouchere and the Marquis di Rudini was solemnised with great simplicity yesterday at Florence.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York celebrated their silver weddings yesterday.

The Kaiser's general condition continues good.

Prince Demetri Soltykoff is dangerously ill.

The Khedive of Egypt has arrived at Cairo, where he will pass the winter.

The Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Minister to Great Britain, has left Paris for London.

While the funeral of the late Lord Rowton was taking place yesterday at Kensal Green a largely-attended memorial service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

There will be a service in memory of the late Major Lord William Bentinck, D.S.O., 10th Royal Hussars, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, at 12.30 p.m.

Law Courts.

Arrayed in picturesque official costume, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, presided yesterday at the ancient annual ceremony of nominating the High Sheriffs of England and Wales.

As a solatium for a libel contained in a novel written by Major H. F. Woodgate

while at the front in South Africa, Mrs. Constance Walda Wallis was awarded £25 damages yesterday.

For obtaining various sums of money from three ladies by means of a forged lease, Mrs. Georgiana Henrietta Sparks, of Aston Rowant Vicarage, Oxfordshire, was committed for trial yesterday at Bow-street.

Special police officers in plain clothes have been on duty in Southwark since the opening of the Hooligan season.

That the educational system of the future may ensure greater efficiency in book-keeping was the hope expressed yesterday by Judge Edge.

The House of Lords decided yesterday that the Earl of Westmorland was not responsible for a wine and provision bill of £455 incurred by the Countess.

For being drunk whilst in charge of his own motor car, Charles Cooke, a motor engineer, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment yesterday at Lambeth. He had collided with a cab.

Political.

Mr. Ritchie, who is confined to bed with a severe cold, was unable to address his constituents last night at Croydon.

Although his attack of sciatica confines him to bed, Lord Lansdowne is still able to transact official business.

Mr. Chamberlain has promised to consider the claims of Derby in connection with his future engagements.

Temperance, better education, and the removal of taxation on land are advocated as the true remedy for bad trade by Sir Edward Grey.

Colonial.

All the troops who are to support Colonel Younghusband's mission to Tibet have been warned to assemble at Sikkim within a fortnight, states a Simla telegram.

Mr. Seddon telegraphs that the Naval Agreement Bill has passed its final stages in the New Zealand Legislative Council, and is now law.

Sir George Turner, Treasurer of the Commonwealth, stated yesterday that he believed he was voicing the people of Australia in saying "God bless Mr. Chamberlain in his work."

The Administrator of Southern Rhodesia gives an unqualified denial to the statements as to the existence of a state of unrest among the natives.

Foreign.

It is reported from Tientsin that the Chinese are moving considerable numbers of troops into Manchuria.

All is now quiet at Fez, and the Sultan of Morocco is disbanding his troops.

Pope Pius X. held his first public consistory yesterday. Five new cardinals attended and knelt before his Holiness.

The wife of a consumptive compositor, who killed her three children in Berlin on Wednesday, has been declared insane.

It is expected that the new Republic of Panama will be officially recognised by President Roosevelt to-day.

Autograph letters by Garibaldi and Mazzini have just been rescued at Aquila from the hands of an Italian tradesman, who was using them to wrap up groceries.

The Chicago City Railway men went on strike yesterday.

Two French deputies are to fight a duel to-morrow because one called the other a coward and a renegade.

MARRIAGE of MISS LABOUCHERE

WEDDED AT FLORENCE TO THE MARQUIS DI RUDINI.

A PRIVATE AND SIMPLE CEREMONY IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.

THREE HUNDRED WEDDING PRESENTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Florence, Thursday evening.

The old Piazza de la Signoria at Florence was radiant with brilliant sunshine this afternoon, when Miss Dora Labouchere, only daughter of Mr. Henry Labouchere, of "Truth" and the House of Commons, was quietly married to the Marquis Carlo di Rudini.

The ceremony was solemnised at the historical Palazzo Vecchio, where once the sentinels of the Medici stood on guard, looking across the square consecrated to the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini and the funeral pyre where Savonarola suffered a martyr's death.

The acting Mayor of Florence, Commendatore Philippon, an intimate friend of the Labouchere family, officiated at the civil ceremony, which, in accordance with the wishes of the bride, was severely private. Beyond the bride, the groom, and Signor Philippon, only Mr. Labouchere, his Excellency the Marquis di Rudini, Mr. Stibbert and Major Chapman (the American and British Consuls), and Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio, the poet, were present.

The Religious Ceremony.

The marriage contract was duly witnessed, and then the whole party drove back to Mr. Labouchere's Florentine home, the Villa Christina, at Monluigi. Here the marriage was again solemnised, this time according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, the service being conducted by the parish priest in the tiny chapel of the villa, which was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and bamboo plants. A large crimson velvet carpet, deeply bordered with Roman gold, and cushions of the same colours, were spread before the altar. The bride wore a white chiffon dress, trimmed with white panne, and a white hat. The service was deeply impressive; the whole company was touched by its simplicity and beauty, its sweetness, and its typically Italian grace.

The original company had now been joined by Mrs. Labouchere, the Marchesa di Rudini, and her daughter; the Marchesa Gravina, an aunt of the bridegroom; Major and Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Arthur Labouchere, Miss Violet Labouchere, Mrs. Thorold, and Madame and Mlle. Walkoff.

"Labby" himself preferred to remain outside during the religious ceremony, where, at the top of his form, he cracked jokes with his friends, and was altogether in the best of humours.

Off on a Motor.

After a family déjeuner, the bride and groom drove off to the station on an automobile en route for Paris, where the honeymoon will be spent. They are settling in Rome for the winter, and have already taken a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel. The marquis, it is said, may re-enter the diplomatic service.

The congratulations received by the newly-wedded couple were world-wide and inclusive. The King of Italy was among the first to wire his felicitations. Messengers were going to and from all day delivering telegrams, and the Labouchere letter-box has overflowed the last few days.

More than three hundred presents have already arrived, and many are still on their way. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Labouchere presented their daughter with a large diamond and ruby butterfly, a brooch made of a single black pearl and a diamond, and the tiniest diamond-studded watch obtainable in Florence, that city of skilled jewellers.

The Family Jewels.

The Rudini family jewels, gathered together by several generations of Rudinis, and notable, even in Italy, for their great beauty and value, are to be presented to the bride on her arrival in Rome. The bridegroom has asked his marchioness to select her present in Paris. The Marchesa Gravina's gift is a very beautiful ring, set with three black pearls. Sir George and Lady Lewis sent a silver tea-set; the Duchess of Newcastle a silver coffee-set; the Speaker and Mrs. Gully an enamel and ruby butterfly brooch, and Gabriele D'Annunzio, who is dedicating his new volume of

Continued on page 4.

Continued from Page 3.

poems to "Dora and Carlo di Rudini," a copy of his drama "Francesca da Rimini," richly bound, and enshrined in a superb casket decorated with allegorical figures in the style of the Renaissance.

The spacious vestibule of the villa was filled with magnificent bouquets and flowers sent by Italian friends.

All Florence was disappointed at the extreme privacy and simplicity that has characterised this wedding.

A BRIDE OF READY WIT.

Miss Dora Labouchere has made her home in Florence for the last two years, staying at her father's beautiful villa on the Promenade dei Colli. She has made many friendships in the old grand-ducal capital. Dark and piquant, a brilliant conversationalist, inheriting her father's ready wit and original outlook on affairs, she will be greatly missed in the intimate little circle that has its winter headquarters at Florence, Fiesole, and San Domenico. Miss Labouchere had verted to Roman Catholicism, and is deeply attached to that religion.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S CAREER.

The Marchese Carlo di Rudini is a son of the late Italian Premier, and a Deputy of the Italian Chamber, where his oratorical powers have attracted some attention. For a time he was attached to the Italian Legation in Washington. He took part in the perilous African expedition of Count Antonelli, and later travelled in Japan and China, where he obtained the concession for the Peking Syndicate. He has been appointed one of the Italian Commissioners for the forthcoming exhibition at St. Louis.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE.

The bride's father, Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., will be familiar to our readers. He is the one and only "Lobby"; he had been caricatured by "Vanity Fair"; he is said to be the "Tizzy" of Mr. Zangwill's novel, "The Mantle of Elijah"; he is, practically, a British institution. His income from "Truth" is supposed to run into five figures, most of which, so his friends say, is spent in defending libel actions.

THE KAISER'S CONDITION.

HIS MAJESTY A BAD PATIENT.

The physicians in attendance on the German Emperor experience great difficulty in enforcing the injunction laid upon his Majesty not to use his voice. His Majesty is permitted to whisper, but his temperament runs away with him when he is interested in a subject, and he breaks out into his ordinary tones. The Emperor writes, but the pencil is apt to move too slowly at times, and his Majesty uses his voice instead.

A Berlin message to the "New York Herald" says for years past the Emperor has been haunted by a fixed idea that he would die of the same malady as his father and mother, and when, two months ago, he began to complain of pain in his throat the Empress was seized with terrible anxiety. When Professor Schmidt diagnosed a "geschwelst" (tumour) the Empress was horror-stricken. It was the same expression that had been employed in the first bulletin regarding the Emperor Frederick's malady. It was for this reason that the word polypus was used in subsequent bulletins, so as not further to alarm the Emperor, who just before the operation thought he was seriously ill.

RICH LONDON LIVINGS.

By sixty-four votes to ten the Bishop of London's proposal to demolish All Hallows Church, Lombard-street, and to unite the benefice with that of St. Edmund the King, in the same street, has been rejected by the parishioners of All Hallows, who say that their Church, built by Wren after the Great Fire, has an interior hardly excelled by any 17th century church in London, and that the rich carvings alone render it worthy of preservation.

The benefice of All Hallows is worth £1,263 a year, and that of St. Edmund the King £1,404, but the proposal was to make the stipend of the joined livings £750 a year, with St. Edmund's as the parish church, and to spend the rest of the money, as well as that obtained from the sale of All Hallows' site, in erecting churches in other parts of the diocese of London.

CHEVALIER AND BUTLER.

"A matter of family curiosity" was responsible for the insertion in the "Morning Post" yesterday, of an advertisement that had in it an echo of the Reign of Terror.

M. Eugène Vauvelle, now a butler in Gloucester-place, and a descendant of Le Chevalier Frecot de Lanty, Contrôleur Général des Finances, membre du Grand Conseil du Roi, was seeking information concerning his ancestor, who came to London at the time of the Revolution in his own country, and died worth £200,000.

Long ago has the money been dispersed, and M. Vauvelle has no false hopes of wealth. "I only wanted to know where my relative lived when in London," he says, "for we are collecting papers concerning him, to write of his time."

£12,000,000 ROAD.

SCHEME WHICH WOULD DISPLACE 41,000 PERSONS.

A road to cost £12,000,000. This was the great feat in the scheme outlined by Mr. Andrew Young, valuer of the London County Council, in his evidence yesterday before the Royal Commission on Street Traffic. Last week Mr. Riley, the Council's architect, pleaded for broad streets 100 feet wide throughout the county of London. He suggested one running north, another south, and another, 81 miles long, south-east from the Tower to the county boundary.

Mr. Young now follows this up by an estimate for a new road from the Strand to the Crystal Palace, in continuation of Kingsway, the new street from Holborn to the Strand. It would go through Southwark, Bermondsey, and Camberwell; 41,000 persons would be displaced in its construction; and the cost would be about a million and a quarter per mile. Mr. Young suggested that the Council should purchase an area of 150 feet on each side of the proposed thoroughfare. Twelve millions would cover the cost of acquiring this property, and a considerable portion of that would be recovered by the sale of surplus land after the improvements.

THE ARMENIAN FUNERALS.

The two Armenians shot at Peckham last week now lie in one grave at the Forest Hill Cemetery, almost side by side with Sagouni, the first victim of this strange and pitiless vendetta. Their murderer is interred in the same quiet spot, but in unconsecrated ground.

The three funerals took place early yesterday morning, with a privacy that had for motive more than a mere desire to avoid ostentation. For it was believed that the Alfarists, the mortal enemies of the murdered men and the partisans of the assassin, are still lurking in the neighbourhood, and might not shrink from making the funeral an occasion for further vengeance on their rivals, the Hentschakists.

The mourners rode in coaches with the blinds down, and the district through which they passed was alive with detectives. The coffins of Krikorian and Izmirian, the murdered men, were covered with wreaths.

THE STAGE HELPS A HOSPITAL.

Several prominent members of the theatrical and music hall professions travelled to Stratford yesterday to assist at a matinee performance in the Borough Theatre in aid of the extension fund of the West Ham and East Ham hospitals.

The hospital accommodation is so limited, compared with the demand upon its space, that in-patients often have to lie on the floor. A thousand in-patients are treated annually, and eight times this number of out-patients. Some £15,000 are needed to extend the usefulness of the hospital.

"The Shades of Night," by the Haymarket company, was included in the programme. The theatre was packed, and it is expected that the hospital will benefit by the performance to the extent of £150.

FUNERAL OF LORD ROWTON.

London's poor were well represented yesterday at the funeral of Lord Rowton, which was attended by deputations from all the Rowton Houses. Simultaneously with the service, which was conducted by the Rev. F. A. Bickmore, vicar of Lambeth, at Kensal Green, a memorial service was held at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

His Majesty the King, who sent a wreath, was represented at the cemetery by the Hon. Sidney Greville.

At the Chapel Royal Lord William Cecil represented Princess Henry of Battenberg; and among those present were Lord Ashbourne, Lord Burnham, Lord Burchleigh, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Ilchester, Earl Stanhope, and the American Ambassador.

HARD CASE OF A STARVING MAN.

An ill-clad, half-starved man named Goodricke was charged at Scarborough yesterday with the theft of a turnip from a field. When the farmer to whom the field belonged accosted him he was hungrily eating half of the turnip and carrying the other half under his arm. He pleaded to the North Riding magistrates that he took the turnip because he was very hungry, but the Bench ordered him to pay 7s. 6d., or go to gaol for a week. Goodricke asked for time in which to pay, but this also was refused. It was the unfortunate man's first appearance before the court. He was at one time a prosperous tradesman in Scarborough.

ELEPHANTS AND STATESMEN.

At Westminster Court yesterday a solicitor stated that certain elephants which perform in the music-halls earned a salary of £100 a week. This, he added, was the salary of a Cabinet Minister, but the elephants were less fit to be Cabinet Ministers.

ELL-RINGING FOR WOMEN.

There are at least two places in the United Kingdom where ladies ring church bells—Ightham, in Kent, and Coleraine, in Ireland. Bell-ringing is said to be an ideal exercise for women, improving the figure.

THE ROXBURGHE HONEYMOON.

NEW YORK JOURNALS ON FEMININE VULGARITY.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are making automobile journeys their principal diversion during their honeymoon at Newport. Their residence is continually guarded by detectives.

Several New York newspapers criticise the vulgarity of the women attending the Duke of Roxburghe's wedding. The "Sun" denies that the ceremony was in any way more ostentatious than similar fashionable weddings in London and Paris, and adds: "The barbarous, curious crowd that collected was due to the extraordinary publicity given to the ceremony; probably if the wedding of a duke in London were equally advertised the crowd would behave in an equally boisterous manner; 'tis the penalty that must be paid by those of high social rank."

The "Commercial" congratulates the people of England in that the disgraceful scene was not enacted in this city. "The second city of the world should hang its head in abasement in the knowledge that it holds 16,000 people imbued with so little decency: we deserve the very worst that the European Press can say of us."

RUSSIAN MAIL TRAIN FIRE.

A fire occurred in the mail van of the St. Petersburg-Moscow mail train on Tuesday night, and, according to current reports telegraphed by Reuter yesterday, articles of value amounting to seven million roubles (£700,000) were burned.

The Chief Administration of Posts and Telegraphs has issued the following statement regarding the occurrence:—

"The fire was caused by the spontaneous combustion of the contents of some packages coming from abroad. There were destroyed 437 international parcels, eleven sacks, two of which contained newspapers and nine of which contained letters, three bales with parcels, and one bale with newspapers. The contents of thirteen mail bags, consisting of securities and bank-notes, were for the most part intact.

The fire also damaged fifty mail bags, the contents of which were untouched, while fifty-two mail bags and twenty-eight sacks were soaked through with water."

THE WOMEN'S CLUB IN VIENNA.

The new Women's Club in Vienna will be opened on Sunday. Warned by the fate of the former club, which shut its doors somewhat more than a year ago, owing to financial and other difficulties, the Committee is running the present undertaking on entirely different lines.

Instead of expensive rooms on the Graben, the Fuchlanben has been selected, an equally central. Only women having a distinct object in life will be allowed to join. The large number of women of fashion, who took no real interest in the work, and who were more punctual than their poorer sisters in paying up their subscriptions, was one of the chief causes of the failure of the Graben Club.

A FRENCH "BOMBHELL."

The French Prime Minister made an important announcement of policy yesterday in the Senate, which created great sensation. It was virtually the declaration of a determination to propose the separation of the churches from the State. This question, he added, would probably come before Parliament in the Session of 1904, and the Government would then show that it desired to put an end to the present indefinite and confused state of things which, if prolonged, would disturb the moral tranquillity of the country. The Senate was very crowded during M. Combes's speech.

EPIDEMIC OF FEMININE SUICIDES.

A suicidal epidemic seems to prevail among women in New York. Numerous cases of self-destruction have recently occurred in all social classes, even among school girls. Public attention has been directed to this mania by the mysterious suicide of Mrs. De Grier Walsh, wife of a wealthy New York broker. Mrs. Walsh was entertaining a dinner party at her suburban home last night when, excusing herself suddenly, she went upstairs and shot herself.

A POLYGAMIST SENATOR.

The United States Senate plunged yesterday into the controversy over the eligibility of Mr. Reed Smoot, who is a Mormon polygamist and apostle of the Mormon Church of Utah, to membership of the Senate. Thousands of American women have petitioned the Senate for his expulsion, declaring that public morals demand it.

A GAIETY ACTOR'S DEATH.

Mr. Bert Haslam, a comedian who has played at the Gaiety, has died of consumption in South Africa, whither he had gone to play leading parts with Mr. George Edwardes's repertoire company. His last days were spent on a farm near Colesberg, belonging to Mr. Abe Bailey, where he had been invited to seek rest and change of air.

Yielding to the wishes of King Victor Emmanuel, Signor Giolitti, the Italian Premier, has abandoned his intention of resigning.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

You know the legend of St. Martin. One 11th November the snow was eating down, and was swept into hillocks by the east wind. St. Martin, dressed as usual in rags, met a beggar, and asked him for food or shelter. "I am as poor as thou, and have no food—nay, am myself extremely hungry. As to shelter, said the poor man, 'take half my cloak; it is, perhaps, enough for two.'" St. Martin, touched to tears by this unselfishness, prayed for a miracle, and cutting his own ragged cloak in twain, wrapped it round the shoulders of the beggar. As he did so, the snow ceased, the sun shone, the flowers burst into bloom, and the wind became a gentle breeze. It was "St. Martin's summer." Though one day late, the summer of St. Martin made up for the delay to-day with bright sunshine and a spring warmth that made all wraps unnecessary. The weather prophets promise a continuation of this fine weather for some days.

Notable Airship Achievement.

"Le Jaune," the steerable balloon belonging to M. Pierre Lebaudy—not to be confused with the Emperor of the Sahara or his brother, with whom, though a cousin, he is not on speaking terms—made its thirty-second trip to-day. M. Jachmes, the aeronaut, left Moisson, forty-five miles from Paris, at half-past nine, and descended at twenty minutes before noon near the Eiffel Tower, the exact spot fixed for the descent.

"James gave an account of his trip. 'We made,' he said, 'a journey of at least sixty miles, though the distance as a bird flies is less than half that. But the wind was against us several times so we had to make a long round. Nevertheless, we did the distance at the rate of an automobile on a good road. We crossed the Seine no fewer than seven times, entering Paris over Auteuil raccourse and the Passy gate, making straight for the Eiffel Tower, descending in front of the Galerie des Machines, exactly in accordance with the pre-arranged plan.' The huge balloon, after the removal of the car, was stored with some difficulty in the Galerie des Machines, and was visited by crowds all the afternoon. It will after a few days start for Moisson again.

The Triple Alliance of Actresses.

It is just as difficult to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt as it is to see any other queen, but when she does receive one she is as gracious as any empress of them all. I saw her this evening in her pretty theatre, where she had just finished act one of "La Tosca."

"You come, of course, about the 'Triple Alliance'?" she laughed. "These are the facts exactly—Madame Réjane and I are old and dear friends, and for some time past both of us have nourished the project of—if it were possible—playing in the same theatre. It now seems likely that this pet plan of ours may rapidly be realised. Nothing as yet is definitely decided, but I can tell you this, and you may tell your paper, that we are at present busily engaged upon negotiations which at the present time seem to have every prospect of a partnership."

I went to the Vaudeville, where Madame Réjane, in her pink hat, received me smilingly. "Of course," she said, "it is about the famous alliance you have come?"

"Well," said she, "you have seen Madame Bernhardt, and what she says is absolutely all I have to tell you. As far as Madame Calvé is concerned, that story is a joke. There can be no question, as things are at present, of any triple alliance with a singer in it, but such a thing may happen—anything may happen! Negotiations between Madame Bernhardt and myself are in progress, and it is not impossible that we may play one day, before much water has flowed under the Pont Neuf, in the same theatre upon alternate days."

Society.

Dr. G. Landsborough Findlay and Lady Sybil Findlay arrived at the Ritz from London to-day.

Princess Hatzfeldt left for Draycot Manor; the Prince and Count Hermann follow in a day or two. Sir Francis and Lady Evans are expected at the Elysée Palace Hotel tomorrow. Dining there to-night were Sir James and Lady Home, Prince and Princess Ali Beg, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tritton.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

A TRAGIC INCIDENT CASTS A GLOOM OVER BUSINESS.

Most interest was taken on the Stock Exchange yesterday in the Bank rate. To raise the Bank rate means the tendency to higher interest rates and a check to business on the Stock Exchange, according to some people, though the Stock Exchange has enjoyed good business ever since the rate was unaltered at 4 per cent. But at a higher Bank rate than that ruling at present, the markets were spared any little trouble of the kind. The rate was unaltered at 4 per cent.

It helped the markets a little at one time, but dealers were engaged in squaring up accounts in connection with the Settlement, and the markets, taken as a whole, were dull. The monotony of business was broken by a very sad and tragic occurrence. A well-known member—a dealer in what is called the miscellaneous mining market—Mr. Stuart Snell, of the firm of Smith and Snell, was taken suddenly ill in the market in the morning with an apoplectic seizure, and, being removed to St. George's Hospital, he expired there after a few hours. It cast a gloom over the Stock Exchange, where the deceased member was highly popular. At noon many dealers were away from the Consolidated Goldfields meeting, where Lord Harris told them that whereas he was a pessimist last year, he was an optimist this year. Some of the members came back to the Stock Exchange quite cheerful.

HICKMAN CASE CONCLUDED.

THE FATHER'S EVIDENCE.

VERDICT OF SUICIDE WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE.

Late yesterday afternoon the coroner's jury engaged upon the Hickman case returned into court with the following verdict:

"That on the 18th of October, Miss Hickman was found dead in Sidmouth Plantation. Death was due to morphia poisoning, self-administered at a time when she was temporarily insane."

Our readers are already familiar with the course of the evidence up to date. A morphia syringe, a knife, and an eight-ounce bottle were found in the thicket that hid Miss Hickman's body, and Dr. Stevenson, the Home Office expert, had certified to distinct traces of morphia poisoning in the remains which he had submitted to chemical analysis.

Yesterday's evidence and verdict were given in a court crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were no signs that the public interest in this unique case had in any way abated.

The Three Clues.

The first witness called was Mr. John Parrott, a Richmond chemist, who, after rejecting a trial bottle, pronounced the actual bottle found in the thicket to be identical with others sold in his shop. He, however, had been absent from business on the date of the sale, but Mr. Robert Choystow, his assistant, distinctly remembered a lady who purchased an eight-ounce bottle of distilled water, similar to the bottle produced, a few days after August 10. "Can you tell us something of the lady?" asked the coroner. The answer was in the negative.

A Richmond musician testified to having found a knife near the fence round Sidmouth Plantation; and a gamekeeper, employed by the Duke of Cambridge, said that he went to feed the pheasants in Richmond Park four times a day during August, each time passing within sixty yards of the spot where the body was found.

"Do I understand that the park-keepers searched Richmond Park when this body was missing?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, but the plantation was not searched, because they were without the necessary permission," was the reply.

Another witness testified to Miss Hickman's undisturbed cheerfulness. The lady doctor was not nervous, nor did she take narcotics or intoxicants.

Supplied with Morphia.

Dr. Ernest Greville, proprietor of the Medical Supply Association, said that Miss Hickman had been his customer for several years. About the middle of August he repaired a hypodermic syringe for her and supplied her with three tubes of morphia and some morphia sulphate tablets—fifteen grains in all, and no large quantity for a medical practitioner like Miss Hickman. The syringe produced might be the one spoken of.

Dr. Robertson, resident physician at the Royal Free Hospital, said that Miss Hickman was not likely to have any occasion for the use of either drugs or syringe at the hospital. The hospital provided both; and, in any case, should Miss Hickman prescribe morphia, an assistant would administer it. If a sudden operation had been necessary, before Mr. Leage could arrive, it would have been performed by himself or Miss Chamberlain before Miss Hickman.

Mr. Hickman (warmly): But why should you take precedence of my daughter?

Dr. Roberts explained that his position as permanent medical officer gave him seniority, Miss Hickman being a temporary officer.

Mr. Hickman: My daughter was very shy. I don't think she would have liked to go to a stranger and so young a man as Dr. Roberts.

Mr. Hickman's Evidence.

But the most vital testimony elicited yesterday afternoon was that given by Mr. Hickman, the deceased lady's father, to go into the Holloway College, and for her examination by a Richmond doctor, because she had congenital heart trouble. Her sister Mary, aged nineteen, was now at Deptford College. Miss Mary Hickman had gone to the London Matriculation and had broken down under the strain. She had since recovered and resumed her studies. "Will you go to the University?" asked the coroner. "No, I have had enough of it," was the reply.

The coroner: Did Mary ever show any sign of suicidal tendency?

Mr. Hickman: No; there was an occasion to her mother that it was very sharp. I pressed by the coroner as to whether there had been any trace of insanity among his cousin relatives, Mr. Hickman said that at the age of his had been under restraint thirty years ago. Another cousin had shot himself through the head.

Addressing the coroner, Mr. Hickman spoke of some letters. The coroner: "Since you have mentioned it, I must say I was not these letters with your action. Instead of handing the first press-man who came along, and he made a romantic article out of them." After reading the letters in question, the coroner said there was "nothing in them."

The verdict already recorded was arrived at after a quarter of an hour's deliberation with the family; and then the widely-discussed Miss Hickman case was at an end.

SIR BLUNDELL MAPLE.

DISCOURAGING REPORTS CONCERNING HIS CONDITION.

The Press Association correspondent at Liverpool telegraphed last night that much regret was expressed by all attending the autumn race meeting there at the gloomy news respecting the health of Sir Blundell Maple, whose illness has now been of such a protracted character.

Hopes were expressed on all sides that his robust constitution would help him to a restoration to health. In the meantime, however, all Sir Blundell's horses were struck out of their Liverpool engagements.

Sir Blundell has now been ill for some months, suffering from Bright's disease, and the latest bulletins have not been so satisfactory as his friends would wish.

Many circles are touched by his illness, for the popular baronet is a man of many parts. Commercial circles know him as a successful business man, who has built up a huge business from the small beginning made by his father in the Tottenham Court-road. Employes know him as the powerful friend of the early closing movement, politicians know him as the practical man in politics, a part he played with some success when the remount question was before Parliament. Sportsmen know him as the owner of one of the largest thoroughbred breeding establishments in the country, and as an owner of racehorses who pursues the sport for the love of it.

And all these circles join to-day in wishing him a speedy return to health.

LOVE AND OLD MASTERS.

Old masters and an unfortunate love story were curiously mingled in a case which came before Mr. Justice Wright yesterday. Mrs. Catherine Peppin, an elderly widow, of Harford House, Sidmouth, sued Messrs. Forbes and Paterson, the Bond-street art dealers, to recover a number of valuable pictures and engravings.

According to Mrs. Peppin's story, she owned a number of valuable paintings, most of which came to her through an ancestor, Mr. Yates, who was an accomplished art dealer. In 1901 Mr. Grotley was brought to her house by her son-in-law, to whose sister he was then engaged. He represented himself as a barrister of wealth, talked about going to Court, and said he knew the King and several of the nobility. Admiring the pictures, he said they would fetch good prices, and as Mrs. Peppin wanted some money for her son abroad, he offered to sell some of the pictures for her.

Afterwards the engagement between Grotley and the young lady was broken off, a breach of promise action was commenced, and Grotley disappeared. The pictures were found in possession of Messrs. Forbes and Paterson. Grotley had gone to them, and representing that he had inherited the pictures from his aunt, obtained an advance of £750, agreeing to leave the pictures to be sold.

Mr. Justice Wright said Grotley was apparently a swindler. He acted as a pretended friend of Mrs. Peppin, and not in a way of business. He therefore gave judgment for the lady for the return of the pictures. A stay of execution was granted.

LONDON'S BLIND POPULATION.

With a population of 4,536,541 persons London has 3,596 of that number blind, and has only workshop accommodation for 223 persons, or 6 per cent. of those so afflicted. At yesterday's meeting of the London School Board a resolution was carried in favour of the establishment of technical instruction for both blind and deaf between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years. London, as regards systematised instruction, is worse provided than Birmingham, Liverpool, Nottingham, or Sheffield. For forty years the percentage of the blind to the whole population has steadily diminished.

PLAYS NOT REQUESTED.

"The Tatler" says that inquiry at Mudie's shows that people who borrow books from libraries avoid the dramatists.

"The same thing might be said of the poets," was Mr. Mudie's comment. "Our experience is that there is very little demand for them in our library."

TWO SILVER WEDDINGS.

THE KING'S CONGRATULATIONS TO DR. DAVIDSON.

The two Primates of England simultaneously celebrated their silver weddings yesterday. English history furnishes no parallel to a coincidence of this happy character in relation to the two highest prelates of the Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's celebration was marked with quiet dignity at Lambeth Palace. The Archbishop of York kept his silver wedding in the South of France.

To Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the King sent a kindly message of congratulation. The Prince and Princess of Wales also sent greetings.

The Southern Primate and his wife, in the early light of the morning, knelt side by side on the steps of the sanctuary in the little chapel of Lambeth Palace. Twenty-five years before, they had knelt in the same spot to be married, and there Archbishop Tait, the father-in-law of Dr. Davidson, had blessed them.

At half-past eight a little band of eminent ecclesiastics gathered for Holy Communion in the palace chapel, where upwards of four hundred bishops have been consecrated. The Archbishop himself was celebrant, assisted by Archdeacon Spooner, who had been present at the Archbishop's marriage, and by various bishops.

In the afternoon the Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson were "at home" to a host of friends. They all moved into the drawing-rooms and there mingled, rich and poor together.

THE LIBELLOUS NOVEL.

Yesterday, in the King's Bench Division, Mr. Justice Grantham's jury decided that if an author draws too closely on his personal experiences for the material of his novel he must pay for the privilege.

In 1902 was published a "society" novel by Major Woodgate, called "The Unwritten Commandment." It described, among other scenes of social life, a flat in Shaftesbury-avenue inhabited by a lady whose conduct was not invariably all that could be desired; and the lady, who was minutely described, was given the name of "Connie Winter."

The book was read by a Mrs. Constance Wallis, who then remembered that she had shared just such a flat with Major Woodgate in his subaltern days until a series of "differences" put a term to their friendship. She also remembered that she had in India been known as Mrs. Constance Winter. In fact, the cap seemed to fit so well that she decided to wear it in the Law Courts, with the result that the jury awarded her £25 damages.

The defence was that the character in the novel was no more identical with Mrs. Wallis than it was with dozens of other ladies; but it was not a good enough defence for the jury. The case ended with the following agreeable dialogue.

The Associate: To what do you find?
The Foreman: For the defendant. (Applause.) No; we mean for the plaintiff. (Laughter.)

CAMPFOL AS AN INTOXICANT.

Intoxication by campfol is said to be becoming prevalent among women. Campfol is supposed to give the complexion a creamy appearance, but prolonged indulgence induces lassitude and weakness, both mental and bodily. The habit is more common in the country than in London.

LIVERPOOL RACES.

The racing was mixed at Liverpool yesterday, a steeple-chase being included in the flat race programme. The results were:

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Stewards' (12).	Kearney.	Murray.	8 to 1
Grand Spton (14).	Leinster.	Woodland.	6 to 1
Alt. All-aged (10).	Ormelia.	Trigg.	6 to 1
Cup Course (9).	Zand.	Madden.	6 to 1
Liverpool N.Y. (9).	Grey Goliath.	Jarvis.	8 to 1
Duchy (6).	Phylloxera.	Madden.	7 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) There were further changes yesterday in the quotations for to-day's Liverpool Cup, which has been a very perplexing race for spectators. Burses and Bachelors' London closed equally in demand at 4 to 1, and Tarrant found friends at 8 to 1 and 7 to 1. Grey Tick, from 15 to 2, taken, retired to 100 to 8, and then to 10 to 1 vainly offered. Pellicious had good supporters at 8 to 1 on the course, and Likely Bird was an introduction.

Fancies for to-day are appended:—Croxeth Plate—Duke of Magenta; Liverpool Cup—Winkfield's Charm; Pellicious a place; Down Nursery—Boyett; Wavertree Well—Express; Aintree Plate—Lady Liberty call.

SHORT NEWS TELEGRAMS.

LORD LONDONDERRY AND THE DOG.

As Lord Londonderry was entering Seaham Harbour yesterday afternoon in his motor-car a dog belonging to a miner rushed in front of the vehicle and was run over and killed. His lordship told the owner he was sorry for the accident, and compensated him with the sum of thirty shillings.

RARE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION.

A German magistrate, Herr Kunzel, upon retiring after thirty-eight years of office, was presented by the Emperor with the Order of the Red Eagle, but declined to accept it on conscientious grounds, saying that he had only done his duty, and considered his salary a sufficient reward for his services.

HINT FOR LORD STANLEY.

The Berlin Post Office authorities are considering a useful innovation; that of cards of identification to enable travellers to obtain their registered letters on payment of money orders with the least possible delay. The cards, renewable annually, are provided with a photograph and a general description of the owner.

TEN HOURS' FIGHTING.

A Macedonian insurgent band, Reuter reports, murdered two Greek notables in the village of Tirnova last Saturday night. A fight ensued which lasted ten hours, and the total number of the killed was twenty-two. The band fled, pursued by Turkish troops. Sarafoff, the noted insurgent leader, is reported to have arrived at Salonika "to plan fresh outrages."

YOUNG BRIDE'S UNHAPPY END.

A remarkable tragedy took place in the colliery village of Sighill, Northumberland, yesterday. Some revolver shots were heard in a dwelling occupied by John Kennedy, a miner, and his wife. It was found that she was dead, and he had attempted suicide. The man is but twenty-one years of age, and the unhappy woman was just seventeen; they were married only last Whitsuntide.

FULFILLING A PREDICTION.

Remarkable evidence was given yesterday at Sheffield inquest. An export named Mason having been told by a fortune-teller that he would not live to see his child's seventh birthday, which was yesterday, took the little girl to a pond and asked if she would go into the water with him. She declined, and he then sent her home by tram. After writing a letter to his wife he returned to the pond and drowned himself.

THE PREMIER SPEAKS TO-NIGHT.

A good deal of interest has been aroused concerning the speeches which the Prime Minister and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are to deliver at the Colston anniversary banquets in Bristol to-night. Mr. Balfour travelled yesterday from London to Badminton, where he remained last night as guest of the Duke of Beaufort.

This morning the Premier continues his journey by special train, and on reaching Bristol joint station will drive through the city's gaily-decorated streets to Clifton Park, where he is to be the guest of Sir Charles Cave.

THE QUEEN'S LUGGAGE STOPPED.

The "Etoile Belge" yesterday reported that during the Queen's last journey through Belgium her Majesty's luggage, consisting of twenty-nine trunks, was stopped by the Customs House officers at the frontier station. The Queen caused a communication to be made on the subject to the Belgian Government. Our Brussels correspondent telegraphs in explanation that the trunks were in a train following the royal train. The luggage not being declared, no one knew at first to whom it belonged, and so it was taken to the Customs House. A strict inquiry has been ordered.

DEATHS OF NOTABLE PEOPLE.

Herr Schmidt-Cabanis, the German humorous writer, has died from an intestinal disorder at the age of seventy-five. He started life as a bookseller, afterwards going to the stage. He edited a ladies' paper for several years, and was author of a number of humorous poems and stories.

The Hon. Sir John Lackey, President of the New South Wales Legislative Council, who was seventy-three years of age and a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, died yesterday at Sydney.

The death is announced of Mr. John Lowles, who represented Haggerston as a Conservative from 1895 to 1899.

THE TREACHEROUS BALCONY.

Not long ago an entire wedding party, with the exception of the bride and bridegroom, were precipitated into the area of a London house owing to the sudden collapse of the front balcony; and now there comes from Cannes the report of an accident from the same cause.

At the Maison Leonon, next door to the English library, a lady stepped out on to the balcony, which immediately collapsed, and she fell thirty feet, sustaining serious injuries. Supported by iron bars, in many cases old and almost rusted through, or by comparatively thin slabs of stone, as many of these balconies are, it is remarkable that there are not more of such accidents.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Social.

The Colston Banquets: Mr. Balfour, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Sir Henry Fowler.

The Grey Friars Amateur Dramatic Society give a performance of "His Excellency the Governor" at the Great Queen's-street Theatre in aid of Princess Christian's orche at Windsor, 8.15.

Anglo-Saxon Club banquet, Empire Rooms, Trocadero, 8.30.

"Women's Institute," 92, Victoria-street, S.W. Address by Miss M. E. Durham on "My Journey among the Servians," 5.

Music.

Mr. Leonard Siekert's song recital, Bechstein Hall, 8.30.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 8.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

London, Closed to-night owing to command visit to Sandringham.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Nocturne," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Queen's (Small), "The Follies," 8.15.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

Royalty, "Kaltwasser," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Captain," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

A DULL NOVEMBER DAY.

FLOWERS AND FOLK IN THE STREETS.

45 and 46, New Bond-street, Thursday Evening.

To-day there has been quite a plague of flowers, if one may call it so, for nearly every third person seemed to have an armful of bright-coloured chrysanthemums, or lilies of the valley and violets; while at every street-corner stood great baskets of blossoms, and in Piccadilly and Bond-street, lilies, violets, and even roses were being sold in quantities. Everybody too, seemed to be out and about; Consuelo Duchess of Manchester was driving with Mrs. von André, Lady Leo Stuart had on a most becoming black hat with a white feather, and Lady Farquhar, just back from Sandringham, was in her electric brougham. In Sloane-street, Mrs. George Noble, looking charming in pale green, with a big bunch of lilies of the valley in her coat, was driving in a closed carriage; Miss Violet Wood, in a bright shade of red, had on white furs; Lady Cecil Montagu was in a hansom, and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, dressed in grey, was in a Knightbridge. Mrs. Walker-Munro was driving in Bond-street in her Gladiator car; Lord Suffield was in a hansom, and Lord Bristol and Lord Rosebery in closed broughams.

Some Luncheon Parties.

Whenever one goes into the Carlton Hotel there is always an interesting crowd of people to be seen, and to-day most of the lunchers were men. Lord de Grey was at a table rather in a corner, and near him was Lord Kimberley. Sir George Chetwynd came in later, and was talking with many friends, while Lord and Lady Escher, with a daughter, were also in the big room.

Tea and Work.

This afternoon Mrs. Moore Brabazon and Mrs. Smithers were hostesses at the weekly "At Home" at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and received a great many friends during the course of the afternoon. Lady Northwick was there wearing black with a pretty blue hat, and Mrs. Ronald Greville, who made several purchases. Mrs. Fitzroy Stanhope were brown with pink malmaisons tucked into her dress; Lady Brooke-Middleton had pink roses in her toque; and Lady Dawson was in grey, while Mrs. Allhusen wore a moleskin coat over her grey dress.

Where People Are.

Lord and Lady Savile left town to-day for Sandringham, where they are spending the week-end as guests of the King and Queen. Lord Shrewsbury is entertaining a shooting party at Ince. Lord Shaftesbury has left town for Ireland. Lord and Lady Chesham are at their hunting box at Wansford, near Peterborough, and are often out with the Fitzwilliam Hounds.

A Royal House-Party.

Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein are to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Zetland at Aske, in Yorkshire, on the 20th of this month. A large household party have been invited to meet Her Royal Highness.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Oak Room at Windsor Castle, where on two evenings the Royalties will dine during the visit of the King and Queen of Italy, is an eight-sided apartment, formed by building out from the grand corridor over the *porte cochère* of the private entrance. Facing it on the other side are the apartments of the Queen. Queen Victoria used this constantly for all meals, but only her family were admitted to it.

It will not hold more than sixteen comfortably. It is naturally rather a cold apartment owing to the outer hall underneath, and in Queen Victoria's time very often got overheated in the effort to warm it thoroughly. Then the late Queen would order all the windows to be thrown open, even in December or February. The warming arrangements are now more perfect.

The Samaritan Hospital Bazaar has opened on Wednesday of next week by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who goes north next Tuesday on a visit to Lord and Lady Blythwood, at Blythwood House, Renfrew.

A "nephyte" has recently joined the ranks of lady aeronauts—the Duchess of Marlborough, who made an ascent from Vienna last Monday in a balloon—the Meteor—after a splendid voyage of an hour, they made the descent twenty miles from Vienna.

The anniversary meeting of the Salop Infirmary took place yesterday at Shrewsbury, and took the form of a service, followed by a treasurer, was present, as well as Lady Braden, dressed in silver-grey velvet, Lady Florence Wakeman, Mrs. W. H. Herbert, Miss Henrietta Windsor-Clive, Mrs. Heber-Percy, and Miss Evelyn Hill. A collection in aid of the Infirmary was made, which amounted to £271.

The wedding of Lady Mabel Annesley is fixed to take place in January. Her step-

mother, Lady Annesley, is a very beautiful and popular woman, and is very fond of all outdoor life, especially gardening. At Castlewne there are all sorts of quaint and rare plants which Lord Annesley has brought home from different parts of the globe.

Lady Grosvenor opens the sale of work at the Molesworth Hall, Dublin, to-day in aid of the Meath and other Cottage Industries. Among the stall-holders are Lady Fingall, Lady Arnott, and the Misses Hamilton.

In the absence of the Duchess of Devonshire, who is included in the house party at Sandringham, Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe opened a bazaar at Derby yesterday in aid of the funds of the Titchfield and Southwell Diocesan Training College.

Signora Pansa, the wife of the Italian Ambassador, has not as yet taken any very prominent place in English general society, though in the "Diplomatic set" she is esteemed and distinguished. The Italian Embassy in Grosvenor-square is a large and handsome building admirably adapted for large entertainments. The reception in honour of the King and Queen of Italy will be the first large function in that Embassy since the days when Signora Catalani quitted it there for too short a time.

WOMAN IN CLUBLAND.

Dover-street, Thursday.

The extreme quietness and freedom from the anxious strain of large clubs is the pride of the Green Park Club, which remains as it was ten years ago, rejecting all so-called up-to-dateness in the form of a billiard-room and smoking-room. This club holds the unique position of having five princesses of the royal blood as members who use the clubhouse, one being a sister of the King, and another a sister to the Kaiser. The club is practically full, and is, of course, most select, eligibility to attend at Court being one of the passports to membership. Its bi-weekly concerts are special events in clubland, at the last of which Miss Lily Hanbury recited to the fashionable audience that included Lady Romney, Lord and Lady Erskine, Miss Caroline Holland, Lady Adelaide T aylor, Lady West, and Lady Campbell, besides many others.

The Sesame.

Motivists and others are looking forward with considerable interest to next Monday's literary evening at the Sesame Club, when Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., is to speak on "The motor-car and its destined influence."

The Military and Naval.

Already about half the members desired for the Ladies' Military and Naval Club are enrolled, the founding members now being admitted at an entrance fee of five guineas, and a subscription of five guineas, which can never be raised. In no way is this club destined to conflict with any other in clubland, its object being to provide a small, quiet, and exclusive club of some four to five hundred members. It will probably be conducted much on the same lines as the Empress Club, to which a large sum has been paid to receive its members until their own clubhouse is ready. This, in the way of building and decoration, is to be a perfect gem, the artistic and luxurious furnishings suggesting a large boudoir in the latest French style. Lady Lumsden, of Bethelvie, Lady Trotter, Lady Rowley, and Mrs. Capel Cure are among the later Vice-presidents.

The New Victorian.

The Tuesday evening Guest Night dinner and entertainment at the New Victorian Club was extremely interesting this week, when Miss d'Estre Keeling just rolled out her bundle of stories, interspersed with her own comments, one of the most humorous being "A woman who made a fool of herself," told in the racy style of this Irish story teller.

The New Century.

The New Century Club has almost come to the point of starting a waiting list, so great is the increase of members at this house in Vanity Fair, situated in Hay Hill.

Automobile Club.

The first general meeting of the Ladies' Automobile Club took place yesterday afternoon at the present premises at the Hans Crescent Hotel. It was decided to empower the club's solicitor to complete the arrangements already under negotiation for the transference of the club next spring to Claridge's Hotel.

QUEEN OF ITALY'S JEWELS.

The Queen of Italy has a very fine collection of valuable jewels, mostly given to her by her husband and his parents. On their betrothal the King of Italy presented her with a magnificent diamond bracelet, valued at a million francs (£40,000). One of her favourite pieces of jewellery which she usually wears in the evening is a necklace of large diamonds with three pendants of the largest stones and three dependent loops as well. When the light flashes on them the effect is dazzling. The tiara which she usually wears is composed of many points in the shape of *fleur de lis* of enormous brilliants and the tallest of these is about five inches high. The base is intricate lace-work of precious stones, chiefly diamonds.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

GOSLING-KERR.—At the private chapel at Monteviot, Jedburgh, on the 12th November, by the Rev. E. H. Nicolson, Captain Gosling (late Scots Guards), to Lady Victoria Alexandrina Kerr, daughter of the late Marquis of Lothian.

Lady Victoria Kerr, who was married yesterday, is a sister of Lord Lothian, and a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch.

The bride was given away by her mother, Lady Lothian, and wore a charming white crêpe de Chine gown trimmed with old family lace. Her four bridesmaids, Lady Isabel Kerr, Lady Constance Scott, Miss Gosling, and Miss Kerr, were picturesquely gowned in soft white satin with gold belts, and had golden wreaths on their hair.

Master Henry Kidd (nephew of the bride) and Miss Doris Follam, in Vandyke costumes, acted as train-bearers.

The wedding was a very quiet one, and in the afternoon Captain and Lady Victoria Gosling left for Bowhill, Selkirkshire, kindly lent by the Duke of Buccleuch, for the early part of the honeymoon.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, of Blackwell Grange, Darlington, was married to Miss Edith Sowerby, of Sudborough, Thrapston.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. F. Mortimer, and Commander Sowerby gave his bride away. She wore a gown of white nixon de soie, draped with Brussels lace, whilst her five bridesmaids were dressed in cream chiffon with quaint fichus, and pastel blue belts and hats.

The reception after the wedding was held at Claridge's Hotel.

Mr. Guy Gold, a son of Mr. Charles Gold, of The Limes, Stansted, was married yesterday afternoon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Miss Maud Brunner, daughter of Sir John Brunner, M.P. for Northwich.

The bride, who arrived rather late with her father, wore a charming white satin and lace dress with a very long train. She carried a loose bunch of white hents, and wore a Honiton lace veil over a coronet of orange blossoms. Awaiting her at the end of the aisle were her group of child attendants, four small boys and four girls, dressed in white Empire costumes, each holding a nosegay of pink roses.

The church was very full indeed with relations and friends of bride and bridegroom, and everybody went on to Enismore-gardens, where Lady Brunner, dressed in grey panne, with chinchilla furs and pearl ornaments, received the guests.

Lady O'Hagan, in black, brought her daughter; Lady Roxburgh wore black; Lady Lockwood, in black with a sable cape, was accompanied by Miss Madge Lockwood in pale blue; Baroness Percy de Worms wore a sealskin and sable cape over a crimson cloth dress; Mrs. Carruthers Gould, wife of the well-known caricaturist, wore black; Mrs. Roscoe Brunner was in grey velvet, with lovely diamonds; and Mrs. Alfred Mond was in black velvet and ermine.

The bride and bridegroom left about five o'clock for the South of England, where the honeymoon is to be spent, the going-away dress being of stone-coloured cloth with sable furs.

In the quaint early Georgian Church, which is still called St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr. Cecil J. Thornhill, cousin of Lord Crewe, was married yesterday to Mrs. Percy Reeve, the youngest daughter of Major Fearnley Whittingstall. The wedding service was performed by the Rev. H. C. Whittingstall, rector of Chalfont St. Giles (brother of the bride), and she was given away by another brother, Mr. W. G. Whittingstall.

The bride, who is very stately and handsome, was dressed in white cloth, relieved by a deep collar of white lace laid over cloth of gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Thornhill afterwards received the wedding guests at the Grand Hotel.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th.

"Joy and good wishes."—*Shakespeare.*

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Minto. The Prince of Monaco.
Lady Susan Grant-Suttie. The Duke of Marlborough.
Lady Muriel Parsons. Lord Shrewsbury.

Lady Minto is the charming wife of the Governor-General, and has made herself extremely popular in Canada. At present she is touring in Japan with one of her daughters. Lady Minto is an enthusiastic skater, who much enjoys the regatta, with the pastime can be enjoyed on "the other side," but she is much missed at the rinks over here.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs have left London for India. They will not return till next summer.

The marriage arranged between Mr. C. D. Seymour and Mrs. A. S. Ralli will take place on the 28th inst. at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. There will be no reception after the ceremony.

A marriage has been arranged, and will take place in January, between Mr. Gilbert W. Hunt, Blair, youngest son of the late Sir Edward Blair, Bart., of Blairquhan, Ayrshire, and Muriel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Thorogood, of Colar, Wimbledon.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds met at the Lower Woods yesterday. The field included the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Blanche and Lady Diana Somerset, and Lord Worcester, etc. The Wither failed for a wonder to respond, but Yate Rocks Wither provided a fox that had evidently done some work. Rumour said "his was the fox the Beauforts had been running, for he only got three fields before being caught."

Yesterday's run of the Blankney was the best so far of the season. A regular pre-maker was found at Goxhill, and took hounds right into the Belvoir country; in fact, he was within three miles of Sleaford when he was pulled down in a covert. The same covert furnished a worthy mate, and across the Stone Wall country the field went at a rattling pace to Temple Bruer, when the brush was secured. Miss Willson, of Racebury, and Mrs. Willson, of Risholme, were in at the death.

The North Cheshire marked their meet at Worleston Station yesterday by a good hour's sporting gallop. Previously sport had sunk very low, owing to a great scarcity of foxes.

Sport with the North Shropshire yesterday was in every way satisfactory. Meeting at Ercall Heath a fox was chopped at the Marl, and then hounds got away with another, which ran out for Ercall village, and on close to Ercall Park. They raced him through the Ouse cover and away almost straight to and through Wytheford Wood. They then went for Edgobolton, where the fox was headed. They got a line of him at the top end of the cover, and a very fast thirty-five minutes ended in reynard's victory.

Amongst those out were the Master, Mr. Frank Bibby, Major Lloyd, Captain and Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Donaldson Hudson, Mrs. Phillips, Captain Proce, Colonel Fell, Mr. Hunwatters, Miss Southam, Miss Hill, etc.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Blarritz.—Fair, cool.
Calro.—Clear; maximum, 71; minimum, 60; forecast, warmer.
Cannes.—Calm; sunny; maximum, 66.
Monte Carlo.—Lovely weather; maximum, 65; minimum, 57.
Naples.—Splendid weather; wind, north; maximum, 60; minimum, 50; barometer rising.
Nice.—Brilliant sunshine; north wind.
San Remo.—Beautiful day; temperature at ten, 67.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Colonel Appleton has been appointed to command the Royal Engineers in the Oudh District, India. The following naval appointments are announced:—
Lieutenants: Mr. Gladstone to Frigate in Service in Hydrographic Department, to date November 16; Mr. Wilson to Research for surveying duties, November 22.

The new first-class cruiser *Albatross* was commissioned at Chatham yesterday by Lord D. Lull for service as flagship of Rear Admiral Hamilton, Junior Rear Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet.

Teams representing the Coldstream Guards, the 1st Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, and the 1st Battalion 3rd Brigade Australian Defence Forces, have, under the terms of the will of an Australian gentleman, been competing at rifle shooting in Australia for a silver challenge shield. The scores at present are:—Scots Guards, 974 points; Coldstream Guards, 956; Grenadier Guards, 927. The Australians' score is not yet complete.

PRINCES' LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

A capital entry was received for the various competitions at the Princess' Ladies' Club's autumn meeting, which was commenced at Mitcham yesterday. The prize for the best score was won by Mrs. W. L. W. 93. Mrs. W. L. W.'s score was made as follows:—

Out: 5, 7, 7, 6, 5, 6, 5, 4, 4 = 51 30.
Home: 7, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4 = 41 30.
The prize for the best score for players with handicaps of 12 and under (all to Miss Marion Langley with 39 = 8-9). Second prize was tied for by Mrs. Cameron, 12 = 9-8; Miss Deane, 11 = 9-8; Mrs. Stanley Stubbs, 9-5 = 2-9; and Mrs. Le Marchant, 9-8 = 3-9.
Mrs. Dunsford won the First Division Driving Competition, for the best two of three, with 31, 31, 31 yards and 148 yards; total, 311. Miss M. Houldsworth was second with a total of 340 yards.

Mrs. Sandeman won the Second Division scratch prize with a score of 114.
The best returns in the Second Division Handicap Competition were:—Miss Sandeman, 114 = 9-8; Mrs. Langley, 121 = 2-9; Mrs. C. G. G. 117 = 14-103.
Miss Waterlow secured the Second Division driving prize with an aggregate of 324 yards, and was driver of 113 yards and 119 yards. The November medal was secured by Miss Marion Langley.

The inter-club match between Chislehurst Ladies' Club and Maidstone Ladies' Club was played at Chislehurst yesterday, when Chislehurst ladies proved successful by five matches to one. Details:—

CHISLEBURST L.C.	MAIDSTONE L.C.
Mrs. Mackern	1 Mrs. H. 0
Mrs. Champion	1 Mrs. Boyce 0
Mrs. Lightfoot	1 Miss Halliwell 0
Mrs. Dick	1 Miss Halliwell 0
Miss Campbell Russell	1 Miss Pond 0
Mrs. McArthur	0 Miss Tread 1
	5 1

DARK BLUE FRESHMEN'S SPORTS.

Yesterday was the concluding day of the Oxford University Freshmen's sports. The "sprinting" was very poor.

R. A. Bence-Pembroke (Chatterhouse and Orle) won the 100 Yards, by a yard from E. O. Bovencham (King's School, Canterbury and Corpus) in 11 1/3 secs. In the Broad Jump, N. H. Evans (Chatterhouse and Marlborough) was the winner at 19 ft. 6 in. J. E. Snel (Chatterhouse and Marlborough), who did 20 ft. when at school, was somewhat disappointing. He, however, is spoken of as a certainty for his "Soccer" blue.

R. V. Somers-Smith (Eton and Merton), a son of the 1889 and 1890 Half-mile champion (R. V. Somers-Smith) followed up his Tuesday's victory in the "half" by winning the 100 Yards yesterday, without being extended, in 14.5 secs. 12 1/2 secs.

At weight-putting the best effort on the part of the winner (P. J. Reiss, Chatterhouse and Orle) was 35 lbs. 3 1/2. He is a first-class athlete, and should improve.
G. Marsden (Chatterhouse and Balliol) put in about the best performance on the part of the "freshers." He won the Quarter-mile in 33 secs., beating H. C. Peters (Eton and New College) by a couple of yards.

OUR CELEBRITIES

It was a scene which must have come to her again on that day, years later, when Lady Caroline passed Lord Byron's coffin on its way to a humble churchyard.



FINE FEATHERS FOR FINE BIRDS.

A RETURN TO SHADED FANCIES.

WHEN it comes to the touches of colour which appear in millinery and fancy collars there is a great deal to be said. Bright nasturtium is the newest notion for a black gown, disposed in a velvet appliqué round the edge of an embroidered black and white collar and cuffs. A soupçon of reseda green looks exceedingly smart, where a whole gown in the colour fails. And there is an adorable new blue, like a soft electric, which should be eagerly sought by the fair lady who wants to emphasise the azure of her eyes. Emerald is passé, except in a very peculiar, lighter shade in which it is found as a lining to a deeply turned up white felt hat.

Shaded Fancies.

As for shaded things, they are particularly fashionable in pale blue, turning to larkspur, and, above all, pink, shading to red. In the latter tones they are discovered on a bewitching torpedo toque composed of rucked ribbon. Or again, in a neat idea on a tailor-made dress of which the vest and cuffs are ornamented with rows of braid, beginning with pink and toning to dark red, and back again to pink. And lastly in a beautiful evening cloak of chiffon velvet, shading brighter, then gradually darker, from the shoulder to the hem.

Fashionable Freak.

One of the latest millinery innovations is to have ospreys mounted on quills, a very good effect being secured. Some-what of a freak is a long ostrich feather, dyed dark blue, on one side of the quill and maroon on the other, with a result perhaps more unique than beautiful. But a cluster of wings in different shades of mauve laid at one side of a hat is both becoming and elegant. With regard to the wearing of plumes, or any kind of trimming, out of the straight on a hat, it is infinitely more becoming to some people to have things on one side than on the other, so that great care should be taken to insist on being suited in this important respect. The Parisians are borrowing feathers from all sorts of birds to make themselves pelerines. A specimen composed of soft down has a tiny owl's head on one side, while another of these quaint, wise-looking birds peers over the top of the downy muff.

Persuasive Evening Fancy.

Never surely in the history of fashion were the modes for evening wear so dainty and delightful as they are at the present moment. The materials this season offer an endless variety of soft and lovely colourings and delicate textures; while the laces, embroideries, and trimmings in general are of so intricate and elaborate a kind that they absolutely defy description. A most lovely evening gown, which is to form part of the trousseau of a November bride, affords a good example of the embroiderer's art. The work is done most elaborately, and yet arranged with such perfect taste that no plea of ostentation can be brought against it. The gown itself is carried out in ivory white Oriental satin of a very rich quality and made with a narrow clear passementerie worked in pale green and pale mauve flossile silks, brightened with threads of silver. Above there come graceful trailing clusters of pink and white wild roses in green leaves worked in soft silk ribbon embroidery, with little touches of chenille here and there,

Frou=frou.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

and scattered over all, tiny diamond dew-drops. These embroideries stretch upward to the waist, where they taper away to a few stray leaves and scattered blossoms.

The low bodice of this beautiful evening gown is arranged in exactly the same way, except that the satin is slightly swathed to the graceful figure. Soft draperies of pale pink velvet outlining the décolletage and serving later on as a background for magnificent diamond ornaments.

A Chenille Dress.

Perhaps one of the greatest novelties of the present moment are the gowns of which the skirt is made entirely of four or five deep chenille fringes. It is a luxurious idea, but results most satisfactorily, the effect being infinitely rich, graceful, and sinuous. Our sketch shows a lovely gown in cream chenille, the skirt as above, and the bodice having an upper part of beautiful embroidery in diamonds and silver, with touches of chenille, finishing with another deep fringe, which falls over a wide-swathed belt of nasturtium-coloured velvet. The sleeves are of the embroidery, finished with the fringes. This gown in black makes a super-excellent garb for afternoon wear.

Another choice model from the same firm was a princess demi-toilette in pearl-grey cloth, with yoke of coarse cream net, from which fell a deep berthe of filmy lace, and the bottom of the gown had a deep, shaped flounce of net heavily encrusted with applications of pierced-grey cloth embroidered with

silk to match; this pleasing combination was obtained by cutting the dress the full length and then, after embroidering the cloth to the desired depth, it was cut away according to the design, and so left the groundwork of cream net showing over the white silk foundation. The full sleeves were of plaited white chiffon caught in at the wrist with strappings of deep cream velvet, with short over-sleeves of the grey cloth, from which fell very deep frills of lace to match that of the berthe.

Pendants.

All the newest designs in pendants either have a conventional scroll, such as we are accustomed to associate with the name of "Liberty," or they are exact copies of old patterns. But the chief necessity is a fragile and delicately wrought setting. One lovely little pendant consisting of a wreath in brilliants has a beautiful drop pearl in the centre. Thick ropes of seed pearls, the ends finishing with diamond-headed tassels of the pearls, which loop together in front, are still seen, and have a style of their own. While another striking piece is an enormous bow of diamonds five inches in length, with square and pear-shaped emeralds set at intervals. When worn, this should of course form the sole ornament, and looks really lovely on a white gown with an emerald belt.



MODES FROM BRUSSELS.

NOVELTIES TO BE NOTED.

THE fog and cold of the last few days have caused quite a run on the furriers, as the mild weather experienced hitherto appeared to make the careless ones of this world forget that such a period as winter existed. A visit paid yesterday to M. Arthur Schlobach's temple of dainty confections, which is situated in the Rue de Namur proved, however, that really modish women always arrange in time to have suitable garments ready for any season, and one lovely model of a fur jacket which was sent home to its fortunate owner this morning is well worthy of description. It was of mink, in sacque style and reaching a few inches below the waist, and its special features were the cut and trimming of the sleeves and the uncommon embroidered fronts. The latter were faced with smooth white cloth with a design of large gold thread pastilles, in the centre of which was a single shamrock leaf in rather dark green silk, and in the centre of it again was a much smaller one in pale green silk embroidery. The sleeves were very elegant in cut, and were finished off from elbow to wrist with three knotted brown silk cords caught up with passementerie motifs to match from which hung rather long tassels. A small ermine stole completed this costly garment, which was lined throughout with pale turquoise blue brocade.

A smart little bolero in Breidtschwanz, which is the name the Germans have given to this particular kind of lambskin, was in the form of three capes with a long jabot of the same fur, and two enormous passementerie buttons on each side of the top cape. The sleeves were very novel, being sharply defined, piped down the centre, and fastened on to the elbow-puff with four buttons to match those on the cape. The cuffs were finished off with heavy-black silk fringe and tassels, and the muff was of the fur with deep and very full frills of black chiffon.

Moleskin is the fashionable fur of the moment, and its soft rich tints are very becoming. A pretty example had rather short full sleeves, caught in with a band of heavy gold embroidery from which fell a deep frill of fine creamy lace.

White fox is to be much worn for evening wear, and stoles mounted on lace and trimmed chiffon, with muffs to match, will be greatly in vogue for dressy occasions. A charming one also seen at M. Schlobach's was entirely composed of mink tails with insertions of cream lace in between and mounted on white satin, which was trimmed with five narrow ruchings down its entire length. It was finished off with a deep frill of brown chiffon edged with tiny ruchings, and the muff corresponded.

Standard furs, or "fourrures classiques," such as sealskin, mink, sable, chinchilla, skunk, fox, breidtschwanz, etc., always retain their popularity, but have been so freely used of late years that good specimens are more and more difficult to procure, so fashion arbiters have had to turn their attention to something new, hence the introduction of moleskin. So suddenly has it, in turn, mounted into favour that it, too, is reaching truly absurd prices, while the erstwhile popular Astrakhan and caracul are more or less relegated to the shades of the past, though they are too satisfactory in regard to becomingness and wear to undergo more than a passing oblivion.

Ermine is to be used in every conceivable form, and an uncommon stole had large rosettes of sealskin placed at intervals, and the petals of these were divided or outlined by ermine tails, the single rosette at each end being enormous.

A sweet child's bonnet was made of ermine, in puritan style, and two huge pale blue mousseline de soie rosettes adorned either side, the centre of each being caught down with a tiny blackbird, while long streamers of the blue were used for tying under the chin in a large bow.

Charming ideas abound here for children's clothes, a special feature always being made of pinafores and such like details pertaining to the lingerie world; the hand embroideries being especially well rendered.



PARISIAN EVENING PERSUASIONS.

To the left shell-pink crepe de Chine, with flounces of old yellow lace and garlands of small pink and white roses, coming from embroidered baskets—the embroidery carried out in ribbon work and soft silks.

The picturesque toilette to the right is of ivory taffetas, with lengths of palest blue mousseline de soie—passed through little wreaths of pink roses—on hem. Pointed bodice, laced with palest blue velvet ribbons and little wreaths of pink roses. In the hair a knot of velvet ribbon and a tiny wreath of roses.

The "Daily Mirror's" Bridge Tournament.

£100 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. £100

An Entirely Novel Competition for Beginners and for Experts.

In order to meet the convenience of readers who failed to secure a copy of yesterday's paper, we reprint the first coupon in the present issue, and shall repeat it once more to-morrow, so that everyone may have an opportunity to enter for the competition.

THE SECOND COUPON will appear on Monday next, and the remainder will be published on alternate days, the object being to allow plenty of time for the consideration of the cards.

THE CASH PRIZES.

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram on this page (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

This sum and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into one lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided.

NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed on this page, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnarvon-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament." No communication whatever relating

to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

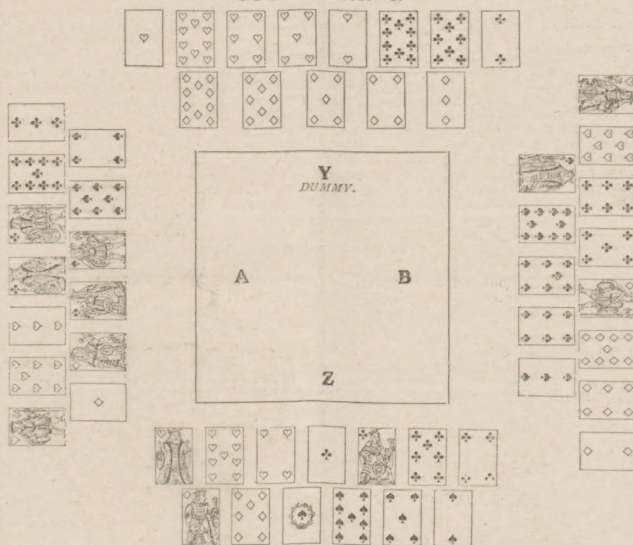
6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of notepaper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

COUPON No. 1.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares No Trumps. A leads ♣ 3.

Give what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name..... *Nom de Guerre*
or
Initials.....
Address.....

COMPETITION NOTES.

On my making inquiry of a lady yesterday whether she intended to join the Tournament, she informed me that she was afraid the questions would be "too difficult for her to attempt." That is altogether an error. It is hardly too much to say that beginners who are endowed with natural intelligence will stand a better chance of success than the experts. Where the latter will fail will be in looking for difficulties where they do not exist.

My reply to the lady was simply this: "I know you play Bridge. You play it with your friends every day."

"Yes, of course," she said: "but —" "There isn't any 'but.' I will tell you one of the best ways you can possibly adopt in dealing with our questions. Get two of your friends to co-operate. Give them the hands of A and B just as they are printed. Play the deal out, just in the usual way. Then write out the play and the result, and send it in."

"It sounds very easy," she replied, dubiously.

"Sounds easy? It is easy. Nothing can possibly be easier. Don't miss your opportunity."

And what I said to her I now say to all my readers. Don't lose your chance.

In reply to the inquiries of numerous correspondents, I should like to add that, in sending in their replies, competitors may adopt any form of writing out the play which appears to them convenient. One method (not obligatory, but only suggested by way of example) is as follows:—

TRICK	A	Y	B	Z
1.	+3	+2	+5	+7

The card which wins the trick is under-scored, and the same system is pursued throughout the remaining twelve tricks. If this mode be adopted, remember that it is much simpler and clearer to keep all the cards of each player in the same vertical line. All the cards, for instance, in the first column should be the cards of A; all the cards in the second column should be those of Y—whose play always follows A—and so forth.

Some of our contemporaries, in the notices they have given of the new competition, have spoken of our Bridge hands as "problems." Do not be alarmed at this term. If you will look at the hand on this page you will find that it is not a problem (save in the sense in which every hand may be regarded as a "problem"—something to be accomplished); it is simply an ordinary combination of cards dealt at random.

Ernest Bergholt.

DICKINS & JONES'

NOVELTIES IN
EVENING BLOUSES.



"EDITH." Very pretty Evening Blouse for young ladies' wear, composed of Accordion-pleated Chiffon over Glace Silk Lining, in Black, Ivory, Pink, and Sky. Our own exclusive design.

Price 39/6

The EDIMA COLLAR, Registered (as illustration), to take Chiffon, Ribbon, Lace, etc., in Gilt or Oxidised, 7/6; Paste, Turquoise, Pearl, or Amethyst, 15/6

FINE ENAMEL AND PASTE PENDANT NECKLETS (similar to illustration), Price 15/6; other designs, from 7/6 to 7 Guineas.

HAIR ORNAMENT in Black Velvet and Black or White Aigrette, 9/11

Other Illustrations of Blouses for evening wear, also novel Shirts for day use, can be had post free.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.

For Children's Ailments.

COUGHS
AND
COLDS.

SCROFULA
AND
RICKETS.

WHOOPIING
COUGH.

AFTER
MEASLES.

Angier's Emulsion is positively the best remedy that can be given to any delicate child, and all mothers should acquire a knowledge of its properties and uses. Children like it and retain it. They take it with real pleasure when other medicines are out of the question. It is pleasant, simple, and safe, and does not contain an atom of anything that can be harmful to the feeblest infant.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

The effect of Angier's Emulsion upon weak and puny children is most pronounced; they show improvement almost from the very first dose. It gives them a better appetite, and their food digests better, while it soothes the irritable child to natural healthy sleep. One bottle will often work wonders, for the gain in weight, strength, and vitality is amazing. Doctors prescribe it largely for children's diseases, and it is used in children's hospitals.

A FREE SAMPLE

on receipt of 3d. for postage. Mention *Daily Mirror*.

CAUTION Do not risk disappointment or worse by trying imitations made with ordinary petroleum. Be sure to get Angier's.

Of Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/1b, 2/9, and 4/6.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

A Pale Blue Beaver Felt Hat, draped with Blue Tulle and Plumed.



TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

A millinery rendezvous about which there is never any mistake is Madame Valerie's, 12, New Burlington-street, W. Its sustained success bespeaks at once for the excellence that prevails. And if it be permitted to divulge a small private confidence, the success is largely owing to unremitting personal attention, allied to frequent visits to that fount of all good modes—Paris. The ideas at Valerie's, although always quite in accord with the whim of the moment, are invariably treated with an originality that is quite refreshing. That is a most charming picture hat of theirs depicted in pale blue beaver felt, soft draperies of blue tulle enveloping the brim, caught at the back, through a great steel buckle, while a lovely black ostrich feather curls its insidious way round one side and on to the hair at the back.

The other model sketched in the fourth column reveals the new Ecossais toque in long haired beaver, with white velvet band, and gold galon, the latter tied in a bow and ends at one side. And this *chic chapeau* is privileged to surmount another Valerie triumph, to wit, a long wide scale and muff of foxeline, a really delightful plagiarism on miniver, the stole ends finished with a handsome chenille fringe. And the price, for that is where a large onus of the at-



A Daisy Meadow, done in Crewels.

When comes in, is only four guineas the set. Valerie is always pleased, by-the-way, to send any goods to customers on approval on receipt of a trade reference.

POSTER-PICTURE NEEDLE-WORK.

ITCHERY OF FASCINATING INTEREST.

As a rule, the woman of to-day prefers to spend her time and ingenuity over pieces of needlework that are quickly accomplished, and to suit her up-to-date requirements many novelties have of late been introduced.

Needlework Applique.

A glance round any of the exhibitions where the latest needlework occupies a prominent place suffices to show that "patchwork applique" or what may be termed

"needlework poster pictures," are rapidly becoming popular, and will doubtless prove a pleasing recreation to many during the dull winter days.

As this interesting work is prepared in several forms it is easy for the beginner to select a subject which can be carried out without fear of failure. Perhaps the simplest designs are those in which oil painting is effectively combined with needlework. Bold, decorative heads are painted on hessian, a coarse material admirably adapted to artistic purposes. These are obtainable on cushion-squares, panels for screens, book covers, and so forth. All that the purchaser has to do is to work the heavy outlines in black lustrine rope, which is couched on with fine black silk; the features are sufficiently finished, and require no embroidery. The background is filled in by long stitches of coloured lustrine cable cotton, in a mosaic pattern which is finally also outlined in black. A charmingly varied effect is gained by working the lines in all kinds of different directions, and when neatly made up these needlework pictures form novel and highly decorative objects.

Another Type of Applique.

Verné appliqué work is quite delightful. A characteristic example in the form of a cushion-square has a foundation of pale



Exquisite Louis XVI. Electrolier.

green linen on which is appliquéd in coloured linens a design of an Italian boy seated under an apple tree. Each portion of the picture is in its own proper shade, and as many as nine or ten different colours are employed. The whole is intended to be outlined in black lustrine cotton, but the more ambitious can, if so minded, outline each section in its own tint, and also paint the features.

A Colored Portrait.

A pleasing portrait of the young Queen of Holland in national costume owes its origin to Paul Berthon's celebrated poster. This is



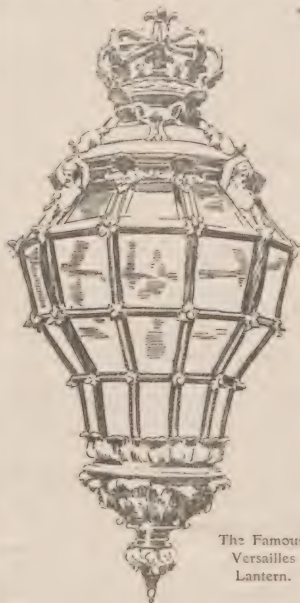
A Snow Picture, executed in Needlework.

on white linen, and would require careful handling if the delicate lace cap, quaint ornaments, and gaily-striped tulips are to lose none of their pristine charm. A good deal of painting could be introduced with advantage, and clever fingers might fashion a thing of beauty in a dainty cap of real lace over a coloured silk foundation. Such a large piece of work cannot be satisfactorily accomplished without the aid of an embroidery frame.

In Daisy Meadow.

A fire-screen panel depicting a Dutch canal is arranged in various coloured linens, appliquéd upon an eau de Nil ground. Houses, boats, and bridges have outlines traced upon them, and also lines of shading. Then it is that the needle is called into play, and each portion of the picture is deftly embroidered in Court silks in either outline, crewel, or satin-stitch.

A great deal of individual taste and skill can be exercised, and any amount of detail may be introduced by the worker. A little flourish will occasionally be found useful. Our illustration shown displays a conventional design of a daisy-meadow, the ground of which is pale blue linen. The trees are



The Famous Versailles Lantern.

cut out in grey-green linen, and the field is in a lighter shade, while the daisies are boldly worked in white braid, with centres of yellow velvet.

Pictures and Their Frames.

Snow pictures in black and white have an old-world charm peculiarly their own. The design illustrated (which should be an old-fashioned one) must be traced on white Kerminur linen. Outlines and deeply-shaded parts are filled in with black silk. The sky and various portions of the picture are worked with darning stitch in the manner represented. They look extremely well in grey mounts and heavy black frames. The coloured specimens described above have special frames provided for them in rosewood and dark art green shades, polished with dull wax.

A. M. Nod.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FITTINGS.

BRILLIANCY AND BEAUTY COMBINED.

ELECTRIC light plays such an important part in the home of to-day that the subject of electroliers is perhaps a most interesting one. London is fast emerging from what

may justly be termed the very inartistic early Victorian style of decoration, and charming English and French designs are substituted in their place. As there is no doubt that French taste is most popular in great houses, it is to two specially beautiful period designs that pictorial prominence is given on this page. The celebrated Louis XV. and Louis XVI. designs are to be met with on all sides, and particularly lovely they are in stately homes where furniture of the same period prevails.

A historical Louis XIV. lantern, which is the model of the vestibule one in the Palace at Versailles, is illustrated on this page, and the electric-light fitters, who make the copy, charge from £9 to £120 for it, according to the size of the fitting.

Pressed into the service of those who cater for this important branch of art-work are fine designs taken from an old pendant-lamp, which is very suitable for a hall or a big smoking-room. These electroliers are costly affairs, and even a small standard lamp such as one would use on a reading-table costs from



A Bracket showing Coat's Heads, in Louis XVI. design.

£8 to £12. But they are leading the way, and even now inexpensive and lovely electroliers are in vogue.

Brackets are made in Adams' design, Empire, and, in fact, in all the forms known to fame. Crystal electroliers are being more used than ever now, and are singularly beautiful when the light is judiciously used; but



The Ecossais Toque and Foxeline Furs.

care should be taken not to overdo the light, as the reflection of the cut-glass makes the whole thing too dazzling.

NOVELTY CORNER.

The fashions the gods love die very young, and amongst those which are about to meet an early death, or at least a complete banishment from the circles truly modish, is the rucked suede belt. Although it is entirely charming, extremely becoming, and capable of being adjusted to the requirements of most waists, its popularity is fatal to its desirability, and already the authorities are in search of something new which shall take its place. Realising, of course, that there is



A Black Leather Belt Tooled with Gold.

nothing like leather, they are prepared to ornament this invaluable commodity with various devices and elaborations, which shall render it comparatively unattainable and decidedly expensive. A soft black leather belt, tooled with gold, is the very latest, and this is clasped in front with metal clasps bearing a replica of the design which is traced on the leather. It looks extremely well with a brown tweed dress or a black cloth dress, and is also arranged by means of slides that it can be fitted to any size, and its picture alone justifies its recognition.



The Latest Ideas in Table Glass and China.

IT is astonishing the amount of money and care people spend on decorating their dinner tables with glass, silver, and flowers and fine linen who are yet content with very ordinary, if not ugly, dinner-services. Surely the latter should receive equal attention with the things just enumerated, and in many cases no doubt they would do so were it not for the haunting fear that after a dinner party there may be so many breakages at the hands of clumsy servants.

So much is this felt in America that there are experts sent out to wash up china and glass after any big entertainment, and it might be as well if such a system were adopted over here.

Queen Victoria's Favourite Pattern.

Everybody, of course, has his or her own opinion as to what constitutes a fine dinner service. One may like plain white, with perhaps a border of gold or blue, others may prefer simply a crest in the centre of the plate, whilst, again, a third would vote in favour of a plate coloured all over. There is no hard or fast rule as to the right and wrong of such things; it is purely a matter of taste.

The late Queen was very fond of white plates, with the cypher "V.R." in the centre—rather a big monogram, by the way—and the top and bottom outer edge of the plate decorated with a wreath of heather in pale pink. The King is very particular about such matters. The keeper of the Board of Green Cloth is entrusted with the pattern selected by His Majesty, and great care is taken that nobody shall copy the design.

Plates at £25 each.

A firm in Northumberland-avenue makes nearly all the royal china as well as the services for all the principal regimental messes, and they have on show some remarkably fine specimens. A dessert plate made for the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg is perhaps one of the finest. There is a broad outer border of a lovely shade of turquoise blue, whilst in the centre are two cupids, exquisitely painted, holding the late Duke's crown in their hands. The workmanship is superb; but then each plate costs the enormous sum of £25.

Many people think nothing of giving three guineas for a dinner plate, and the firm in question has just produced a very beautiful service in quite a unique style, the plates of which cost the sum just mentioned. The outer border of the plate is of that lovely shade known as Napoleon green, and upon this is worked in real silver, which is let into the china, an Empire design of sprays of flowers.

Another service is of yellow, something after the style of the famous Sevres yellow, the design upon it being silver gilt, also raised. This is quite the latest invention, and though costly should have a great vogue amongst those who love fine china for table use.

The same firm are shortly producing a dinner service of the fashion just described in bleu de roi, always a favourite colour, and one that looks well on the white cloth.

Lord Lonsdale's Dessert Service.

Dessert services are, of course, far more ornamental and decorative than the ordinary dinner service, and here one may spend hundreds of pounds in adorning one's table. People have fads on this subject, some preferring flowers, some fruit, and others a design of Louis XV. or Louis XVI. style, with much inlaying of gold. Then, again, fine plain white china with latticed borders is very popular. Lord Lonsdale recently bought a service painted by hand, and remarkably well painted, too, of sporting pictures taken from the life of the celebrated Mr. Jorrocks. The artist has succeeded very cleverly in getting the life and spirit of the original drawing, and the colouring is equally true. By the way, these paintings are done under the glaze, a more difficult process than the ordinary over painting on the glazed surface.

For Regimental Use.

Regimental messes invariably use the crest or badge of the regiment in the centre of the plates. The 17th Lancers' most recent dinner service is painted in dark blue with white and gold, the regimental colours, whilst it may be noted that the death's head is omitted from the crossed lances with the number seventeen in gold. The Queen's Bays have their well-known wreath of bays with the Royal crown in the centre. The Black Watch use the conventionalised thistle, the badge of this equally famous regiment. The Gordon Highlanders are easily recognised by a large stag's head, and the regimental motto under it.

Prizes for Private Advertisers

Every private advertiser calling at the West-end Office of "THE DAILY MIRROR," 45 and 46, New Bond-street, will, until further notice, receive a valuable gift, but no present will be given until the advertisement has been proved to be bona-fide.

The price of the following advertisements is twelve words, or less, for 1s. 6d., each additional word 1d.

Houses to be Let or Wanted.	Cooks Wanted or Wanting Places.
Flats to be Let or Wanted.	Housemaids Wanted or Wanting Places.
Apartment Houses to be Let or Wanted.	Parlourmaids Wanted or Wanting Places.
Secretaries Wanted or Wanting Places.	General Servants Wanted or Wanting Places.
Governesses Wanted or Wanting Places.	Coachmen Wanted or Wanting Places.
Housekeepers Wanted or Wanting Places.	Grooms Wanted or Wanting Places.
Barns Wanted or Wanting Places.	Chauffeurs Wanted or Wanting Places.
Valetes Wanted or Wanting Places.	Kitchenmaids Wanted or Wanting Places.
Footmen Wanted or Wanting Places.	Sill-room Maids Wanted or Wanting Places.

and all requiring servants or servants requiring places.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West-End shops.

No. 23.—SCALLOPS OF PARTRIDGE.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound remains of cold partridge, stock made from the bones, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, browned crumbs, a few grains of nutmeg.

Cut off all the meat from the bones. Put the bones into a saucepan with enough cold water to well cover them, and a little salt. Let this simmer gently till all the goodness is cooked out of the bones, strain off the stock and add to it the nutmeg, jelly, and salt and pepper to taste. A little red wine is an improvement, but is not necessary.

Next finely chop the meat which you cut from the bones and stir it into the sauce.

Allow one scallop shell (either a tin or fireproof one) for each person. Well-butter each shell, pour the mixture into them, shake over the top of each a thick layer of browned crumbs, and place the shells in the oven till the mixture is hot, then serve the scallops at once.

Cost 1s. 8d. for four portions.

No. 24.—CAULIFLOWER PUREE.

INGREDIENTS.—One quart of white stock, three-quarters of a pint of milk, one gill of cream, one large cauliflower, one ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a blade of mace, one small onion, one and a half ounces of crushed tapioca, salt and pepper.

Wash the cauliflower thoroughly, and pick off one breakfastful of the best sprays. Put the rest into a clean saucepan with the stock, milk, onion, mace, and salt, and cook until the cauliflower is quite tender. When it is take out the mace and rub the rest through a hair or wire sieve. Put the sprays of cauliflower in a pan of boiling salted water and cook them till they are just tender; they must not be at all mashed. Keep them hot while you thicken the soup. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir the flour in smoothly, then add these gradually to the soup, stir over the fire till it boils. See that it is nicely seasoned, slip the sprays of cauliflower gently into it, also the chopped parsley and the cream. Make it thoroughly hot and serve with croûtes of bread.

Cost 1s. 4d. for four portions.

No. 25.—VICTORIA SANDWICH.

INGREDIENTS.—Three eggs and their weight in butter, flour and castor sugar, the rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a few drops of vanilla, jam.

Line a shallow tin with a piece of buttered paper. Cream together in a basin the butter and sugar. Mix the baking powder with one teaspoonful of flour. Now add one egg to the butter and sugar, shake a little of the flour over it and mix it well in, go on adding eggs and flour till all are mixed in, then lastly add the baking powder, vanilla, lemon rind, and about a tablespoonful of milk. Mix these well together and pour the mixture into the tin, smoothing it with a knife.

Bake about ten minutes in a quick oven.

Then turn the cake brown side down on to a sugared paper. When it is cold spread one half of it over with jam, lay the other half on the jam, and cut the cake in neat finger-shaped pieces.

Cost 10d. for one dozen portions.

No. 26.—CHICKEN SAUTE A LA RUSSIE.

INGREDIENTS.—One fowl, three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, half an ounce of butter, two ounces of raw or cooked ham, half a pint of brown sauce, one glass of sherry, one truffe, one lemon, twelve pressed mushrooms.

Cut the fowl into neat joints and fry them in the oil till a light brown. Add to them the ham cut in cubes and the finely chopped onions. Fry all together for three minutes, then skim off all grease and add to the chicken the wine and sauce. Cover the pan tightly, and let the contents simmer gently for half an hour, then add the mushrooms cut in half, the lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Trim a crown of bread to fit the dish. Put in the dish, arrange the joints of chicken and the mushrooms neatly on it, arranging the leg bones so that they cross each other in the centre; put a cullet frill on each leg-bone. Pour the sauce round, taking care not to spot the cullet frills. Sprinkle some chopped truffe over all.

Cost 5s. for six portions.

and roast for three hours. Then make a hole in the paste and paper, through a funnel pour in a gill each of Madeira and Malaga wine and half a gill of brandy.

Cover the hole with paper and paste again, bake again for an hour, unwrap, pare carefully, and glaze over. Garnish with cooked vegetables and serve with supreme or champagne sauce.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Devilled Eggs. Toasted Bacon.

Veal Collops. Fish Cakes.

*Scallops of Partridge.

Dried Haddock with Tomatoes.

French Rolls.

LUNCHEON.

Devilled Turkey's Legs. Hunters' Hash.

Poached Eggs with Curry Sauce.

Shrimp Sandwiches. Apple Dumplings.

Prune Jelly. Macaroni Cheese.

COLD DISHES.

Gâteau of Cold Mutton. Pressed Pork.

Veal and Ham Pie.

TEA.

Apple Jelly Sandwiches.

Chocolate Biscuits. *Victoria Sandwich.

Sally Luns. Dundee Cake.

DINNER.

Pigeon Purée. Vermicelli Soup.

Broiled Whiting. Stuffed Turbot.

Mutton Cutlets and Cheese Sauce.

*Chicken Sauté à la Russe.

Roast Venison with Red-currant Jelly.

Scallops of Hare.

ROASTS.

Roast Sirloin of Beef.

Boned and Stuffed Shoulder of Mutton.

Vegetables.

Stewed Artichokes with White Sauce.

Potato Croquettes.

SWEETS.

Meringues and Cream. Rum Queuelet.

Cheese Straws. Devilled Prawns.

ICE.

Pine Apple Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

NEW BELTS.

HANDSOME MILITARY SASH BELT,

In plain or mixed colours, Swiss shape at back, fastening at side with stylish silk cord tassels,

2Is.

NEW SASH BELT,

Made with folded band of Black Glacé Silk, pointed at back, and full ends to match,

4s. 6d.

THE NEW RUCKING BELT,

In perfectly soft Leather, in White, Red, Green, Brown, Navy, Grey, and Black,

23/4 inches wide, 7s. 6d.

43/4 " " 10s. 6d.

THE POPULAR FRENCH BELT,

In Black Silk with Corded Design, Swiss shape at back and elastic sides,

6s. 6d.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,

LIMITED,

Vere St. and Oxford St., W.

GLOVES AT WAREHOUSE PRICES.

SPECIAL The "Antonia" Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons in Black, White, and all colours, 1/10 per pair, 10/6 per half-dozen pairs.

The "Euse" Gold Mesh Glove, in Black, White, Heavers-Tan, or Grey, with Self Points, Grey, Lavender, or White with Black Points (with Black with White Points, 4 Buttons. Use equal value, 2/6 per pair.

HOSIERY, SPECIAL PURCHASE.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, with high, Sifted Heels, full-fashioned English make.

1/7 PER PAIR. 3 Pairs for 4/6.

Call or write for our Illustrated Price List.

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.,

Only Addresses: 45 & 46, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.4., and 82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., W., LONDON.

UNBREAKABLE

HEALTH CORSETS

With Elastic Sides.

PERFECT FIGURE WITHOUT

COMPRESSION.

Any Size and any Length. Long or Short Waisted.

Fitted with Unbreakable Non-Rusting Hercules Bristles and Steels.

In Coutil, Canvas, Net, and Fancy Materials.

Ladies should not fail to write for our Illustrated List.

Knitted Corset & Clothing Co.,

118, Mansfield Road, NOTTINGHAM.

Mention "Daily Mirror."



UNBREAKABLE

HEALTH CORSETS

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Knitted Corset & Clothing Co.,

118, Mansfield Road, NOTTINGHAM.

Mention "Daily Mirror."



Cailler's MILK CHOCOLATE

(Supplied to H.M. the Queen.)

The purest and most nourishing sweet-meat made.

The most delicious to the taste.

The richest of Swiss cream and pure chocolate blended in a delicious food confection.

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d., and 6d. tablets, and in 6d. boxes and croquettes.

If you want the best, ask for Cailler's!



Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Thursday evening.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 11.—JAMBON ROTI A LA COPERNIC.

By M. LEONARD GRUNENFELDER, Chef of the Grand Hotel.

Steep a smoked ham in cold water for twenty-four hours or longer. Pare the ham, remove the bone, and insert eight fresh truffes. Put it in an earthen basin, pour over one pint of Madeira and a glass of brandy, season with herbs, carrots, onions, and the juice of two lemons. Leave in a cool place for twenty-four hours, turning the ham occasionally.

Six hours before serving strip the ham into a good shape, wrap it, with its straining marinade fried in butter previously and moistened and reduced with one pint of white wine and the moistening of the marinade, in strong oiled paper. Cover this with a paste of flour and water and with another sheet of paper. Put on a baking tin, pour oil over,

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Game and Poultry.

Quails. Pheasants. Partridges.
Hares. Plovers. Pigeons.
Snipe. Woodcock. Teal.
Ostend and English Rabbits.
Fowls. Ducks. Geese.

Meat.

Mutton. Beef. Veal. Pork.

Fish.

Soles. Whiting. Plaice.
Mackerel. Turbot. Haddock.
Cod. Whitebait. Sprats.
Lobsters. Dublin Prawns. Oysters.

Vegetables.

Globe and Jerusalem Artichokes.
Carrots. Turnips. Beetroots.
Leeks. Celery. Cauliflowers.
Spring and Red Cabbages.
Batavia. Spruce. Salsify.
Salads.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.

Pink and Pale Yellow Roses.
White Lilac. Scarlet Geraniums.
Lilies of the Valley with their leaves.
Pink Carnations. Maidenhair.
Mimosa. Azaleas.

Plants and Cut Flowers for the House.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XIII. Continued.

YOU are surprised," the woman went on, with a smile, in which there was a hint of dreary sadness mingling with the triumph.

"Mr. Detmold introduced me to Lady Tyneside in Paris. I believe it was considered a great miracle that he ever managed to scrape up an acquaintance with her. She told me herself afterwards that the invitation to one of her receptions was wrung from her by a friend, and that she was extremely glad she had given it, since it had resulted in her meeting me. She is a lovely woman, Colonel Joscelyn. Why she should have been attracted to me I don't know; she has all the finest spirits of the age to choose from; but she told me the other day that she wished I were her daughter." Her voice broke suddenly, its composure gone; there was a little choking sound in her throat between a harsh laugh and a sob. "And I am deceiving her," she whispered.

The man stood silent. He struggled vainly to find some word that would dispel the tenseness of the atmosphere, without adding to her distress. It was all so foreign to his nature, so dramatic, so unusual.

"She introduced me to all her friends who were in Paris at the same time," Helen Lorison went on, speaking in a muffled, hurried way as if she could not help unburdening herself of this confidence. "They were all delightful people, charming to me. In a week I felt as if I had known them all my life. I am at home amongst them. I cannot help it. Her daughter, Lady Leicester, and Mrs. Audean and her sister, Lady Trenham, and the young Duke of Portsmouth, and several other men."

She looked at him with a sudden flash in her deep eyes, as he saw that the same painful thought was in the minds of both.

"You think I am mad!" she cried hoarsely. "You think that someone will recognise me, some man who knew me—then. But why? Ten years have passed; it is a long time. I have travelled so much, and met so many people. That woman is dead. I killed her myself, and if I had not been able to kill her mind, her whole personality, I would have killed her body."

"Yes," he said slowly. "I think I understand."

"But you mean others would not? Ah, but they will never know! How should they? Ten years is such a long time. It does not seem so to you, because, when you saw me just now, you bridged it in a moment. During these ten years I have been all over Europe. I have fought my way to recognition. I have been received everywhere. I have lived my own quiet life and chosen my own friends. It was only when I met Lewis Detmold that I had any ambition to conquer London. I have the means now and the power. Why should I tell every stranger my life's history? I am the woman I have been for ten years. Do you not think I am right?"

"I think," he said, "that you are a law unto yourself. Some people are born so, and the ordinary rules of conduct do not apply to them."

"I hate your society," she went on almost vehemently. "It is made up of charming individuals, but in the mass it is narrow, hateful, evil-thinking, and uncharitable." "Who is this woman?" it asks. "We know nothing about her; she must be undesirable." If it knew me on my own merits alone; it would not let me black its boots; but, with Lady Tyneside for my friend, it is willing, eager to black mine. A powerful woman's friendship and two thousand a year! That is what has wrought the transformation."

Still the man stood silent, and she went on, in a lower tone, speaking with the same rapidity, as if she could not cease until she had said all that was in her mind. "Ah, with me, Lady Tyneside is different! I don't know why I say all this to you, but I have a strange sort of feeling that you are my friend. I don't want you to think me base. I hate to deceive her; she is so good to me. But if I told her my story she would turn from me like all the others, not because she would suddenly think I had become a different woman from the one she took for her friend, but because she would deem it a duty she owed to her class." She stopped suddenly in her rapid speech. "Ah, but I am wearying you! What does all this concern you, it seems a stupid thing to say; but I should like you to try to understand, if you meet me in your world, that I am not really an impostor, that I have a right to be there, greater even than that conferred on me by the friendship of a powerful lady, and that, if you had a wife and a sister, and they rubbed shoulders with me, it would do them no harm."

While he was still searching wildly for something to say, and wondering angrily why he had suddenly become so stupid and awkward as a schoolboy, she added, in quite a different tone, with a laugh of good-humoured contempt for her own weakness;

"But what a scene I have made you! You must forgive me. Memory plays strange tricks with us. Good-bye, Colonel Joscelyn. It was good of you to come."

"I am sorry I could be of so little use to you," he said. "I fear I shall not meet you again just yet. I am going back to Torhampton this evening, and shall probably not be in town again for some time. If there is anything I can do for you, remember that the woman who tried to save my brother will command me always."

He bowed over her hand, and in another moment he was gone.

As he drove back to his chambers, he sat with his lean face grim and rigid, and his lips locked tight. The waters of memory, so long dammed up by his inflexible will, had overflowed and swept down all barriers and carried him away on their irresistible tide.

The bright sunshine of the June afternoon faded, and gave place to a dark and chill night in winter ten years ago, when he received a telegram telling him that his young brother, Cedric, a lad of barely twenty-one, had shot himself in their great hotel in the Bois de Boulogne, on his return from a supper party at the house of Monsieur le Prince Petronoff, his friend.

His friend! It seemed to Paul Joscelyn as if it were but yesterday that interview with the smiling Russian who had stolen his worthless love from the poor dead boy and sent him, heartbroken and disillusioned, to his grave. He had found Petronoff in London after he had buried Cedric in the family vault in the little church in Berkshire; and together they had gone to Ostend, the Prince cynically complaining, being a noted swordsman and shot. But, somehow or other, his noted skill had failed him, and the Colonel killed him, as Helen Lorison had said, like a dog.

And after that the woman was the dominant character who had played a part in the pitiful story.

When the Colonel was back in Paris, settling everything, paying debts, and shutting up the big house where the boy had died, the woman whom he now knew as Helen Lorison came to him one day with a little gold-bound note book that had belonged to the boy.

"He gave it to me one day to write down a bet in," she said. "There are a great many notes he made in it. I thought you would like it." And as he took it silently, eyeing her with distaste, she had added almost timidly:—"I want to offer you my sympathy."

But he had turned on her fiercely in the maddening torture of his unavailing regret. "You are one of them," he had said. "You are all his murderers!" Then he had had her shown out of the house.

But when, among his brother's things, he found a letter, written to him just before he had fired the shot that ended his ruined youth, he read at the bottom of the page of incoherent farewell, blurred with tears, some words written in an afterthought that completely altered his point of view.

"La belle Hélène is a brick! Don't forget that! Six weeks ago she warned me against Petronoff, and begged me to put on the brake and pull up in time. She looked like an angel, and talked as if she were my sister. Try to do her a good turn if ever you can."

La belle Hélène was the familiar name by which Helen Lorison was known among that coterie in which hers was the only hand put out to try to save Cedric Joscelyn from the folly that led to the pitiful tragedy of his self-sought death.

It was a story common and trivial enough that had resulted in the tragedy of Cedric Joscelyn's death. Too much money, a bad example, an impulsive and inflammable nature, a woman, lovely and corrupt, and a deadly little toy of a pistol to put an end to the maddening disappointment mistaken for a broken heart. The boy's only excuses were his excessive youth, and his excessive faith in a man. In the wrong man; in the callous, cynical Russian who taught him vices and made him think them the ordinary pastimes of men of the world.

His brother only saw the beginning of his race down hell. But the boy met all his gentle remonstrances with an impatient "Oh, rot! Why don't you practise what you preach?"

Paul Joscelyn—Major Joscelyn then—was his guardian; but he could not curtail his liberty. In a few months he would be of age, and at eighteen he had already inherited his dead mother's fortune. He elected to live in Paris, while his brother's duties kept him in England. He had wasted all he had, and more, before he died, on cards, when cleverer men robbed him, and on the lovely dancer whom, in his boyish ardour, he wanted to make his wife. When she had got all she could out of him, she bade him a mocking farewell, telling him that, fired by his chivalrous example, Petronoff had also offered to marry her. She flung a parting insult at him. "Naturally, I prefer him. He is a man. You are a child."

That was what killed the lad. They had both played him false, not only the woman, but the man—his friend whom he had trusted and copied. They had left him alone, ruined, awakened suddenly to the knowledge of his folly, and left him to drown in shame.

Paul Joscelyn had patched the whole story together from what some men had told him, men who had seen the pit of it, but could do nothing but look on, and from the boy's letter, that blurred and incoherent epistle of despairing farewell. Sometimes, when he realised that Cedric would certainly have married the dancer, his brother was glad that he was dead.

During the week that had elapsed between the boy's death and the duel Petronoff had gone, found time to fulfil his promise, and make the woman his wife. She was still his widow, still young, still incomparably lovely. She still kept up her reputation for senseless

extravagance on the dead Prince's millions. There was always a good deal of gossip about her; but her position was unassailable, and the ten years old story had never been heard by most people, and those who had known it had forgotten. The Colonel never made a sign when her name was mentioned in his presence; he had sat near her at a dinner-table without betraying that he even knew who she was. But in his heart he hated her with a deadly and undying hatred. Had she not been a woman he would doubtless have killed her too.

Yes, it was a story common and trivial enough; but the grim soldier had made a cult of the dead boy's memory. There were some evil-minded people who had whispered at the time that it was his own example that had led his brother astray. But that was a fair slander. No dutiful mother could have watched over the boy more carefully in his youth; and, if there was any fault in his guardianship at all it was that he had so sheltered the boy from knowledge of the world, that, when the test came, the weak nature could not bear it.

It was natural, then, that this being the one well of sentiment hidden deep in the man's heart, he should be powerfully affected on meeting unexpectedly the woman whose vain but sisterly warning was the one bright spot in all that dark and sordid tale.

Having cruelly misjudged her when she offered him her sympathy, and then finding out his mistake, and striving with painful difficulty to express his repentance, and his gratitude in a letter, and never having seen her again, or heard of her, he had carried his burden of gratitude in his heart, always hoping through ten long years that he might one day be privileged to do her some service, or, at least, to tell her that as long as he lived she could command him, and that he would never forget.

Gradually the memory of the woman grew dim, but never of the debt that he owed her. And now, to-day, he had found her, found her so changed, so aged, so strangely attractive, found that she had by a miracle struggled free from the fetters of her former life, that she had powerful friends and comparative wealth, that she was the woman whom Lewis Detmold had been going to make his wife.

Mingling with his amazement was a feeling almost of disappointment that he could do nothing for her, that she had everything. In the old days he had wished that he might find her in the gutter and raise her to a throne. Now he smiled rather sadly at such exalted sentiments. They were both forty years old, and, of course, he was glad that he had found her a quiet-minded woman of the world in such common-place surroundings as that dismantled flat.

There was something symbolical, which might even have seemed an omen, that he should find her again thus, on the threshold of a new life; but it did not appeal to him then.

After the first surging wave of memory had receded, he began to connect her with Lewis Detmold rather than with the long dead past. He wondered if she had believed him when he said that he had no more idea than the rest of the world why the millionaire should have ended his prosperous career with a poisoned knife; or, whether, having more opportunity than anyone else for studying intimately the conditions of his mind of late, she was convinced of the psychological impossibility of his having committed suicide for no reason at all. There was no madness in his family, there was nothing the matter with his fortune; he was not the man to be scared by any ghost suddenly rising from out of the past. He loved life, and clung to it; she must have known that. The aim and object of his existence was the satisfaction of all his desires, of every passing whim; to that end he spent money royally, and spared himself no pains. Of course, she knew that, and knew also that he was a crass materialist, and would have been the last man to cut out the pleasures of his body and go out into endless oblivion.

She was a reasonable woman; she must know that such a man would not kill himself without a reason staggeringly strong. And such a reason could not remain unknown, unsuspected by the world. His heir must know it, his solicitors, and, above all, the man for whom he had professed so great a friendship, and in whose rooms and with whose weapon he had elected to take his life. True, these points had been raised at the inquest, and he had emphatically denied any knowledge of the motive that had driven Lewis Detmold to so desperate a deed. The coroner and jury had been satisfied; but this woman had other means of judging the probability of his denial being true. She must have been the dead man's confidante, in a measure, at least.

He remembered now that she had not insisted, any more than he had protested. She had accepted his answer to her question, and she had not announced her intention of pursuing the subject in any other quarter. She was evidently not a curious woman; she had shown no morbid desire to probe the mystery to its depths.

He was grateful for her reticence; but he realised that she was a danger, and might become at any moment a menace. If she merely imagined that he was concealing his knowledge of Detmold's motive in committing suicide well and good, but if in a flash of intuitive sight, for which the reasoning power of men is often a poor substitute, she had guessed that someone else was concerned in the mystery, and if any freak of chance set her on the right track, then she would become an enemy to be feared and out-

Continued on Page 14.

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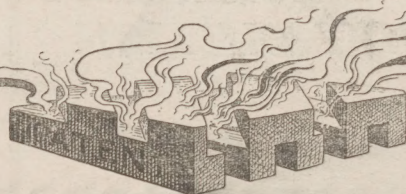
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